

April, 1936

The Liguorian



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AMONGST OURSELVES

The Catholic Press of the wide world is holding an exhibit in Vatican City from April 1st to October 1st this year. Thousands of publications — daily, weekly, monthly, quarterly, — scientific, cultural, literary, devotional, — will be on display. It will be a grand sight — for those able to take it in. . . . Somehow we wish that with it could be displayed, perhaps on charts or maps of some kind, the population percentages as yet untouched by the Catholic Press. . . . We need not only to be rejoiced by our achievements, but fired into greater action by our unrecorded failures. . . . The stimulus of such a display would be good for both writers and readers.

* * *

Last month's issue contained an article which aroused rather unusual interest. It was the autobiographical story of the conversion of a Sister of Mercy, formerly an orthodox Jew. This same Sister has a similar narrative published in the book edited by Miss Rosalie Marie Levy of New York called "Why Jews become Catholics." Many converts from Judaism there tell their stories. The book is recommended to all who find great interest in convert literature and may be ordered through THE LIGUORIAN.

* * *

The days are becoming longer and brighter, the spirit is reviving after the hard winter, and enthusiasm seems to accompany all our tasks in these early Spring days. Choose the moment of awakening virgor to put in a good word for your favorite Catholic magazine.

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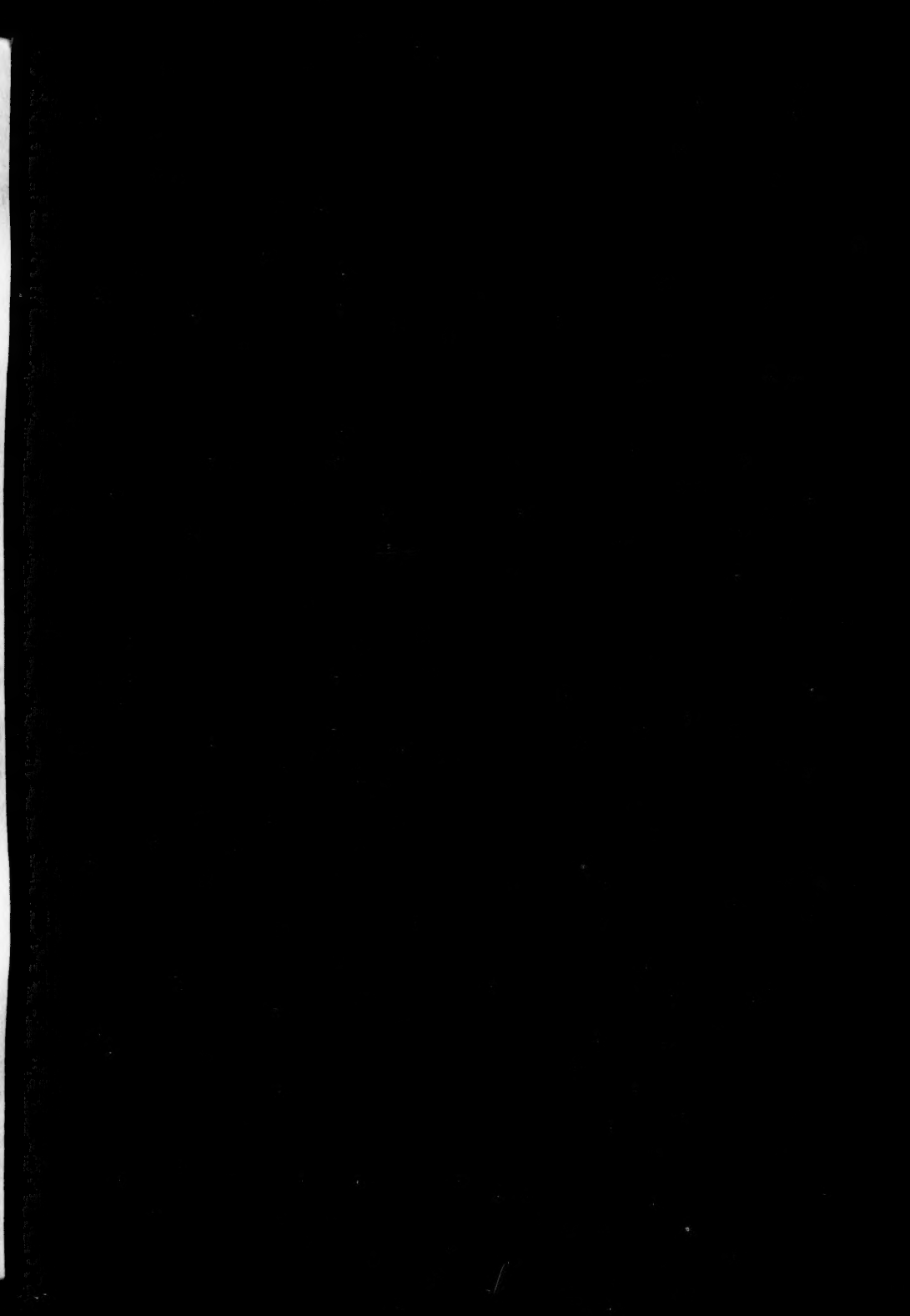
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THE LIGUORIAN



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*According to the Spirit of St.
of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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No. 4

TO DEATH

Great ruler of the world in pagan days
 Beneath whose bony hand all flesh must lie
Prone in the dust, as crumbling ages fly,
 In mute obeisance to thy power that sways,

For centuries thy cruel might betrays
 No hope to man but that he soon must die —
His dignity and glory but a sigh
 To be thy music down thy sombre ways.

But lo! 'tis finished! Thou shalt reign no more!
 Thine age-long sceptre from thy hand is rent —
Thy might is conquered, and withdrawn thy sting —
 Christ reigns on high! From teeming shore to shore
His sons proclaim thy reign at last is spent —
 Thy throne dismantled — Christ alone is king!

— Bro. Reginald, C.Ss.R.

FATHER TIM CASEY

SEEKING THE TRUTH

C. D. McEnniry, C.Ss.R.

"Good evening, Elveda. Glad to see you," Father Casey called out cheerily the moment he recognized the caller awaiting him in the rectory parlor.

Elveda Corey was a bright, wholesome, cultured young woman, one of the finest of his flock. Most anybody would be glad to see her. He sobered instantly however on finding that she was accompanied by a stranger.

"Good evening, Father," she returned. "I want you to meet Mr. Ernest Vailes."

Father Casey took the proffered hand. It was a good hand. The eyes were good. The attitude was good. The priest found himself warming towards the young stranger.

"You are welcome, Mr. Vailes. Presentation by Miss Corey is the highest possible recommendation in this house."

"I'm sure it would be—in any house, sir." He caught her eye. Hadn't she been coaching him all evening to be sure to say "Yes, Father" and "No, Father"—"and say it natural, do you hear, not as though you were going to choke over it." He hastened to repair his blunder by adding: "And I thank you for the welcome, Father. I warn you however that, if Miss Corey has her way, we are going to wear it out."

"You see, Father," Elveda explained, "Mr. Vailes would like to get a good, thorough understanding of the Catholic religion."

"Or might we perhaps say,"—the young man was feeling more at home in the presence of the priest than he had anticipated—"Miss Corey would like Mr. Vailes to get a good, thorough understanding of the Catholic religion. And, naturally, Mr. Vailes would like everything under heaven that Miss Corey likes." Then he turned suddenly serious. "At the same time, Reverend, [Horrors! There he had gone and done it again] I don't want to take up your time under false pre-

tenses. Let me say at the outset — just to keep the record straight — that, in all probability, your explanations will prove fruitless.”

“Helping an honest mind to learn the truth can never be fruitless,” the priest assured him.

“I mean as far as making a Catholic of me is concerned.”

“As far as making a Catholic of you is concerned, Mr. Vailes, that is something neither I nor any other human being can do. That is a matter between God and your own soul. All I attempt to do is to teach you the truth — then I leave the outcome to you and God.”

“And please permit *me* to say at the outset — just to keep the record straight —” There was the faintest tinge of spitefulness in the young lady’s voice, “that I have brought Mr. Vailes here because I believe he has an honest mind desirous of truth nor does it necessarily signify that I hold any further interest in the gentleman.”

“Of course she just *had* to say that. She delights in keeping my poor, trusting heart in the agony of suspense. You know how women are, Father.”

Patient Reader, let us go back a few weeks and see why these two young people chanced to be in St. Mary’s Rectory seeking a clear exposition of Catholic doctrine.

Elveda Corey and Ernest Vailes had met at a party. Shortly afterwards they went together to the opera, and shortly after that they dined together at the local Ritz. In the intervals between these meetings, sleeping or waking, Elveda Corey was thinking of nothing but Ernest Vailes, and, sleeping or waking, Ernest Vailes was thinking of nothing but Elveda Corey.

“Elveda,” said Ernest at the end of the dinner, “I have managed to get tickets for the opening performance at the Tullianum tomorrow night. What time shall I call for you?”

Elveda’s heart jumped a beat. The time had come to speak. She knew — Oh, how well she knew — what she would like to say. But she knew too what she ought to say, and, with the grace of God, she said it.

“Thank you so much, Ernest, but if I go out with you any more it will get to be a habit. Sorry — but I cannot accept.”

The young man turned pale. “Cannot accept!!! What — you don’t mean it!” There was panic, dismay, anger in his voice. “And what if

it does become a habit? It should. It must. I have so many bad habits, let me get this one good one which will cure all the others."

"Sorry," she repeated. And sorry indeed she was — so sorry that her voice betrayed her, though her companion was too overwrought to note the fact.

"But why? Why? I have a right to know. You cannot throw me down like this!"

"No Ernest." — She spoke very low and very softly — "You have not the right to know. You have not even the right to ask. I am not throwing you down, because I have never picked you up. That is the reason I cannot continue accepting your dates — because then you would have a right."

"Pardon me, Elveda." Suddenly all his excitement was gone. It was now a crushed, humbled, dejected, self-hating man who continued: "I was such a conceited ass that I did not even see my own rudeness. The two dates, you were kind enough to give me, sufficed to show me up for the dud that I am and to convince you that you had seen enough of me. Of course you have no obligation to tell me your reason — even if it were not self-evident."

Elveda had resolved so firmly to make this severance of diplomatic relations brief and businesslike without any explanations and above all without any sentimentality. Then it would be finished once for all — except the heartache. But how often the firmest resolutions give way under pressure! And besides how could she, now that she was parting with him forever, leave him under this false impression.

"If you are going to misunderstand me so, then I must explain. I was happy in your company. You know I was. But I am a Catholic; you are not. That is the reason — the only reason — why we cannot let this thing become a habit."

It was marvellous to see how he snapped back to life and hope. "Oh, if religion is all — "

"But don't forget — for me religion is everything."

"Surely you know I am gentleman enough to respect your religion."

"Ernest Vailes" — The strain was relieved. They were back to their favorite game of give and take — "How can you respect what you know nothing about. Oh, yes, I bow down in humble acknowledgment before your brilliant university degrees and the fact that you are further engaged in a difficult post-graduate course, but in all the learned

lectures you have attended I question whether you have ever heard a true exposition of religion."

"Religion is the one thing I am always hearing about. Hardly a single professor can give a lecture, even on hydraulics or logarithms, without dragging in something about religion — not always complimentary to religion, I'll admit. But true science, as you know, is not limited to throwing bouquets."

"Then what is religion? — If you know so much about it."

"Religion — religion is — Say, you are not asking a question, you are suggesting the title for a volume." Then he flashed: "Religion is something that should by no manner of means hurt the — er — friendly relations between Elveda Corey and Ernest Vailes. That's what religion is."

"Sez you," she retorted.

"But why should it?"

"Oh dear!" she sighed wearily, "it is so long since I taught the first lesson in catechism to stupid beginners that I hardly know how to commence. Besides they were all babies."

"But never a one was so docile and teachable as this baby — even though he is slightly over-grown," Vailes assured her.

"Listen, big boy. The reason why religion does and must stand between us is because I am not going to run around with any man who pities and despises me."

"Elveda Corey! What in the name — "

"Don't 'Elveda Corey' me. I know what I am talking about. I believe absolutely all the doctrines, or dogmas, taught by the Catholic Church; furthermore I try to obey all the laws and conform to all the practices imposed by the Catholic Church. Now, you simply could not conceive of yourself believing all those dogmas or conforming to all those practices. Am I right?"

"Just a moment, Elveda, I — "

"Answer me yes or no. Am I right?"

"Yes, of course, but — "

"Very well. Why? Because you think you are too broad-minded, too intelligent, too well-informed, too keen a critic of history and psychology to submit to these beliefs and practices. — No, don't try to butt in. You know I am speaking the truth — Now since I *do*, without a shadow of doubt or hesitation, accept these beliefs and practices, you

must judge that I am far less broad-minded than you, less intelligent, less educated, less free from prejudice. Necessarily therefore, whether you realize it or not, you pity my ignorance, and you despise my gullibility." She stopped and faced him, defiance in her eye.

Vailes had been following her closely. He saw the cold, clear logic of her statements. He sought in vain some way to parry her blows. Then he burst out: "The trouble with you — you're too *doggone* intelligent!!!"

Exhilaration over her success carried her on further — much further than she had ever dreamed of going. "Then too — we may as well speak plainly and settle this matter once for all — a close friendship between two young people, who think a lot of each other, has, more than once, in the history of the world, ended in marriage. If I were to marry a man who did not share my religious beliefs and practises, I should be condemning myself to a life of regrets and perhaps to an eternity of remorse. I am determined to take no such chances. So you see religion *does*, by all manner of means, preclude friendly relations between Ernest Vailes and Elveda Corey."

The bare possibility, at which she had hinted, filled him with renewed enthusiasm. "When dawns that blessed day, I will hand in my name for membership in your Church — and they lived happily ever afterwards."

"My Church does not want your name. It wants you head and your heart — not that it needs you, but because you need it."

"O unreasonableness, thy name is woman! Here I offer to join your Church. You say I cannot join because I do not believe — that I cannot believe because I am educated and unprejudiced. And yet you condemn me to life-long unhappiness for not joining! Can you beat it!"

"Mr. Vailes, a slight modification will bring that statement near to exact truth. You cannot believe because you *think* you are educated and unprejudiced. Education that is one-sided is not education. You have bent your energies to study, thought, and investigation regarding the great questions affecting human existence. But you have omitted the most important of all — the true religion revealed by God to enable men to understand and attain the purpose of their existence. Therefore you are not educated. Why have you neglected this study? You know that a vast multitude of your fellowmen of past ages, several hundred million of your fellowmen of today are firmly convinced that

this is the most important question affecting human beings. Why have you neglected it — you who claim to seek the truth regarding all important human problems? Why? Because you are prejudiced. Because you have the pre-conceived opinion — based on no solid reason — that the Christian religion is the bunk."

"Ah, now you *are* slipping, my little missionary. You have no idea how much I have studied, read, and heard about the Church — about your own Catholic Church."

"Oh, yes, but I have. I have also an idea of the sources of your reading and study. They were anti-Catholic sources. And that proves your prejudice. Would you treat any other question in that unscientific way? You would never dream of getting all your information about chemistry from an ancient Ciceronian pedagogue who despised chemistry. Why were you content to get all your information — or, better, mis-information — about the Catholic Church from teachers and writers who despise the Church? Because you are prejudiced. You have condemned her without trial — judged her on one-sided evidence. You were already convinced, before you had solid ground for such conviction, that the Catholic Church was superstitious, arrogant, avaricious, reactionary, and therefore you scorned even to listen to her defense. If that is not prejudice, what is it?"

"Ha-a-a! Foiled again!" he growled in mock exasperation. "All right, bring on your Catholic books. I'll read them all — so as never again to leave myself liable to your scathing charge of mis-information and prejudice."

"It is not books you want, it is the 'living voice'. Anybody with as much university knowledge as you is too stupid to learn a new philosophy out of books."

"I am listening to the 'living voice' — shall gladly go on listening to it forever. Let it discourse on the truth and beauty of the Catholic Church, the mysteries of the celestial spheres, the transcendent glories of —"

"Cut out the comedy. Be your age. If you want to show you have an open, honest mind, seeking truth at its source, I'll introduce you to a Catholic priest."

"And will you come with me every time I go to listen to his learned exposition?" He saw a golden opportunity and eagerly grasped it.

"Yes, I will." *She* saw a golden opportunity and eagerly grasped it.

"It will do me good to learn more about my own faith. And once Father Casey begins to tell you what's what about the Catholic Religion, you may have the courage to accept it, but one thing sure, you will no longer dare to pity my ignorance or despise my gullibility, you will be too busy regretting your own. Yes, I can accompany you there without losing my self-respect."

"Then here's hoping it will take a thousand lessons to drive those doctrines into this ivory dome!"

And that, dear Reader, is how these two young people chanced to be in St. Mary's Rectory seeking a clear explanation of Christian doctrine.

On Controversy—*

"What Catholics need today, is a zeal for converting others. Such a zeal may seem boresome, but is not exposing oneself to the charge of being a bore a mild form of martyrdom? The fact is that the Church is never so popular as when dormant, never so disliked as when militant. For this reason Catholics are not willing enough to help the young pagans who would welcome assistance. . . .

"If Catholics had one-tenth the zeal of communists, the English-speaking world would soon become Catholic. If only the layman were interested in merely speaking about his religion, much good would be accomplished. But he is not. Most Catholics seem to consider it bad taste to mention religion, the most important thing in life. . . .

"The remedy for this condition is controversies. Two good results arise from controversies: the Catholic who is forced to defend his faith is strengthened in it, and the opponent is often convinced by the arguments in favor of Catholicism and always edified. Many do not realize that people are actually convinced by a process of arguments; some deny that there is any feasibility at all in this method. My experience has proved the incorrectness of such an assertion."

—Arnold Lunn.

"The one Church of modern times which has a coherent and consistent theology is the Roman Catholic Church. . . . In so far as Roman Catholicism makes converts among the more intelligent parts of the population, it is not due to any appeal to the emotions, but to the fact that it has a coherent and consistent body of thought to present. — Dr. W. R. Matthews, Protestant Dean of St. Paul's, London.

OLD MICHAEL

If you have never seen the green hills of Erin, nor heard its voices, this story will make you both see and hear, and love.

W. T. Cullen, C.Ss.R.

This is the tale of it, as they say in the little white villages, the tale of Old Michael who sat at the rise of the hill, under the rowan tree, day in and day out, sitting so in the early morning and you on your way to Mass giving him the customary: God bless you; and there still at high noon, his old hands on his knees, his head to the side, staying till the evening when sudden dark falls down over the land and the world goes to its resting for another day. Winter and summer, wind and sun had little change to Old Michael, the both finding him on the head of the hill and small thought of it till a gusty, rainy day might make him strike to his cabin; but were the morrow fine back came Old Michael to the rowan tree and the plaited chair and the sittings that began with dawn, 'come day, go day,' as the neighbors said of him.

He was old, was Old Michael, and the name they put on him was no idle one, for in the memory of Deeven O' — and himself with the look of four and twenty ancients — Michael was an old man and he a *garsun* learning with the hedge master, which, by the same token, would be a long while since.

A queer habit with him that he was ever at listening, the old ears of him keen that he could hear the brooks in their murmurings, and the flying geese, high and away, and the herons at the water in Kilmaluc; and atimes he might rise from his sitting to peer across the green hills did a strange cry come wafting to him, maybe to see what would be in it, at all.

But there came a sound anon on the air that never a bit brought a stir to him, and he in his loneliness above on the hill with half the parish going along beneath to their duty at the church of Kilmaluc. The bell it was, of Sundays, ringing for the Mass, and every man, woman, and child to hear and heed, saving Old Michael, who kept ever to his chair like a figure of the Druids in a Christian land.

He might watch the folk as they passed, the women in their quiet

talk, the men silent with their thoughts, the girls at their laughing and chattering, the children running in their play. He might watch them so, and never a word whether he minded or no what they were about; and when they returned he would be watching again as they gave him greet from below on the road, and the friend he was to any and all from the bit of a child to the eldest amongst them.

They had never seen him darken a church door — marrying, burying, feast, or pattern, — Deeven O' was witness to that; they had never known him to say a prayer, thinking bequiet that he knew none; they were not certain that he believed. Some said that he used long, queer prayers; and some that he was in great sin; and some — and these but a few, thank God, — that he had given his soul to the Grey Man.

But the looks and knowing of him gave lie to the whole of that, for he was as simple, plain an old man as you'd meet in a day's run. He had a bad word on him for no man, and ever a kindly smile for the children, and a share of comfort for those in trouble. He was poor enough though always at giving, and lonely and alone, though he could say the cheerful thing to lighten a heavy heart; they said it was he that made the road rise with you, which same, never a doubt, was as true of him as of any.

He was great with the children so that there was a *slaugh* of them about him a fair part of the day, and he with all the games and half the stories of the world, and the friends they were of him for all the gossips' tales of his variations.

If any went to the priest with complainings against him, saying that he was such and so and they doubted did he believe in God, the priest would ever tell them to let be.

"For sure," he might say, "there is many a saint in the Kingdom of God tonight that at one time had no belief at all, and if the old man loves the little children it may be that one of them will lead him." And so it was when it came about, though not to leave it unsaid, the priest had tried many the long year to bring Old Michael back. ("Back," the neighbors might remark, "as if he'd ever been there before.") But all the priest's efforts were met with kindness and forgotten later, and Old Michael was ever the same for the lot of them.

However there was Christmas coming on, and the children with the nuns at Kilmaluc making ready, what with the trimmings and this and that, and the nuns not letting them forget the little prayers and

penances they practised each year at Christmas to lay a present of the like at the Crib. And it happened so they were at their praying and performing and counting the while before Christmas, and the priest came in of a day to hear them at the Catechism, and he it was that had them put Old Michael in their asking.

Says himself: "Let ye not forget the old man on the hill this year for, sure he may never see the dawn of the next, and he slipping away without being reconciled to God and His Church. Let ye make him a mention in your Advent prayer."

And so they prayed and offered their Communion the morning, and the rare pennies that might have gone for sweets they gave to the poor,—and this for the immortal soul of Old Michael of the Hill; and more, their folk joined in when they heard the same, and between them all the whole parish lifted hands to Heaven for Michael an Cnuic that year.

One day and that a bit before Christmas when the world is cold and misty, and the people busy in their homes, a candle burning the night to light the Holy Travellers—one such day Old Michael saw a child coming along the boreen below. Of gypsy folk he could have been, or a tinker, though when he came closer, and Old Michael looking on him the while, he saw the child was of no such kind he had ever beheld. For though the feet of him were bare, he was fair and clean and beautiful, and the bright sunshine seemed gathered about the head of him though there was no sun the day at all.

"My body and soul," said Old Michael, the wonder and pity growing on him as the child drew nearer, "it's he who'll be lost with the cold and he walking the road unshod this day of the world."

For the child wore but a light garment as good as nothing against the wind of December, and he had neither hat nor cloak to cover him. A stranger he would be, thought Old Michael, for in all the land there were no people who dressed in such fashion at the season of Christmas—nor any other time, for that matter. And when the child was passing he saluted Old Michael, saying: "My blessing with you,"—a queer thing for a child, sure, and as the priest, himself, might say so.

Old Michael would have called to him but the child was gone too quickly, and he waited the day and more before he caught next sight of him. This time it was below on the green where the children were playing at *fainleog*, and he with the little lads laughing and passing

the time as one of them, the gold in his hair catching the sun's rays and sending them back in their glory.

The old man called a boy to him and asked of the little stranger, whence he was and what would be his name, but the lad could but tell that he was from afar and his father a king among kings.

"Aye, from afar," repeated Old Michael, "for there are no kings here these thousands years gone, and what name is there on him, at all?"

"I don't know," said the boy, "for he gives himself no name."

"I have great liking to talk with him," said Old Michael, "and give him shoes to his feet, and lay my old hand on the bright head of him."

"But he talks with none save the children," replied the boy, "and he is never in sight of other folk."

"And where is his house?" asked Old Michael.

"He says not far from here, only below in the valley." Which name was a riddle altogether to Old Michael; there was no house in the valley saving the church.

Times there were when he saw the child at a distance, though always with the children, and never a word could he get with him until one day, and they coming near, he called out and the child came laughing up the hill.

A sudden fear then came down on Old Michael with the child standing near so, and he wondered the moment did he have the right to stand and take the old hat from the head of him; but the legs would not stir under him, and so he sat as he sat on Sundays and the people below kneeling at Kilmaluc.

But the fear swept away from Old Michael with the child putting his hand on his own lying there, and Old Michael asked for his name.

"I am the son of Mary," said the child simply enough.

"The son of Mary," Old Michael repeated, a bit of wonder on him, "and where do you live, child?"

"I am everywhere," said he, "but I live below in the valley, and I often wait for you there."

"Wait for me, is it?" asked Old Michael, not knowing the half at all, "and I went into the valley, how could I go to the house of ye, child, and they saying your father does be among the kings?"

"He is king of the world," said the child, "but He is full of kindness and mercy. If you turn to Him, Michael of the Hill, He will show

you His love; and this day He sent me to you because your heart is with the poor and they have asked His favour for you."

"But I am one that never kept His law," said Old Michael, sadly, "the more shame to me; how can I answer Him to that?"

"He will pardon you," said the child, "an you ask Him; and my Mother and I will ask for you, too."

And they talked so till the Hail Mary rang out and the voices of people were rising and falling as the folk came along the road for evening Rosary. It was late twilight.

"I must go now," said the child, before any were in sight, "but I will be back and I can; and that for the eve of Christmas."

"The better so," said Old Michael, glad at the thought, "and let us go to the Mass at Midnight, and after mayhaps to the house of your Father." So the child went in the dusk and Old Michael bided the while with his promise till Holy Night should come.

The eve of Christmas was cold, right enough, with a fog coming in from the sea, and at the priest-house Father Owen was wondering if all would brave the night for Mass at twelve.

There came a rap at the door and he cried as usual: "Come in and God's blessing," and a child pushed back the two halves of the door, the like of whom he had never seen, with golden hair and tunic of white and, wonder of the world, feet bare in the worst of winter.

"God lift His holy hand here," said the child, as the greeting is in those parts, "Father, there is a man sick on the lift of the hill, and do ye come for there is no help for him."

"Is it Old Michael?" said the priest, rising the minute.

"It is," said the child, "and let ye bring a great cloak, Father, for the night is hard cold."

"Ay, child," replied the priest, "and a wrap for yourself." And he went to fetch stole and stocks, and clothing for himself and his visitor. But when he came out the child was gone.

He started then, striking out across the glen and over the road to the hill where stood the house of Old Michael, and dark it was there with no fire on the hearth and no candle light, and the priest groping about within when he entered to find the sick bed.

He kindled the hearth, after a bit, and shrove Old Michael, and when he had put the Holy Oils on him and knelt by to pray, Old Michael turned his old eyes to him and asked in his feeble way: "Tell

me, Father, how did ye know in the world I was down the night and myself calling on God for a priest before the end should come?"

"Why," said the priest, "a child came to me — and great wonder I had of him — a little lad in white with a golden head and the feet of him bare, and he summoned me to yourself."

Old Michael folded his hands and closed his eyes and the peace of the Night came into his soul.

"And now," the priest told him, "let ye lie still a bit, and I shall be here after a while with Holy Communion — the Viaticum of the Christian for the last, great journey."

And so that night Old Michael received his last Communion and waited and prayed and repented; and when the bells had rung out and the little children were offering the Mass at midnight for him, the child came again and they went together to His Father's house.

American Boys——*

The following is the description of the modern boy given out by Brigadier General H. L. Laubach, who is in command of Camp Dix, where some 80,000 boys have been examined and enrolled. The description was contained in an article contributed by the General to the *New York Times*:

"The boy first is not of the physical standard which we picture for American youth. He often has bad teeth and an unhealthy skin. In cold weather he is not very cleanly. He lacks sturdy legs and good muscular development generally. He is frequently underweight or is fat and flabby even to the point of obesity.

"He is not naturally obedient; he prefers to do as he pleases. He is given to vile language. He has little ambition or purpose. While not lazy, he is indifferent to work; not interested in a job of any kind. He is unmoral and, unless a Catholic, not very religious. In patriotism he is apathetic, and he seems to have a deep-seated grudge against the government.

"On the other hand, he has many admirable qualities. He has respect for the rights of others. He is honest. He responds splendidly to proper leadership. He works industriously under direction and encouragement. He is naturally law-abiding, and he is glad to learn when tactfully shown that he is deficient.

"Here is much fine human material, capable of being brought to the best standards of American manhood, that has been neglected throughout its life — often utterly so. We have seen the immense improvement that the brief CCC service has been able to make in the boys returning from their forest camps. We know what proud and happy citizenship could be made of this material, if society were only awake to its responsibility to these boys and to itself."

GATHERED AT DAWN

SANCTITY AMONG OUR CHILDREN

DOMINIC SAVIO (Concluded)

Peter J. Etzig, C.Ss.R.

LV.

Savio had a great desire of seeing the Pope, saying that he had something of great importance to tell His Holiness. Don Bosco asked him one day what this was.

"If I could see the Holy Father, I would tell him that in the midst of all the tribulations that surround him, he should not cease to be particularly mindful of England; God is preparing a great triumph for Catholicism in that kingdom."

"On what authority do you say that?" Don Bosco asked.

"I will tell you," replied the boy . . . when you get to Rome tell Pius IX for me. One morning during thanksgiving after Communion I had a great distraction and I thought I saw a great stretch of country covered by a thick mist and filled with people. They walked as people having lost their way, not knowing any more where to take a step. 'This country,' said some one near me, 'is England.' When I wanted to ask a question, I saw the Supreme Pontiff, Pius IX as I saw him in some pictures. Majestically seated, he carried a bright torch in his hand and advanced among the great crowd of people. As he approached, the torch dispersed the mist and the people were in broad daylight. 'This torch,' said my friend, 'is the Catholic Faith which is to illuminate England.'"

One year after Savio's death, Bosco spoke of the vision to Pius IX.

Such happenings, together with the angelic conduct of the boy, convinced Don Bosco that he had to deal with an extraordinary and saintly soul.

On another occasion, Bosco had just finished his thanksgiving after Mass, when he heard a voice in the choir as of one disputing with another. He went into the choir to see what it was, and there found

Dominic, acting as if in conversation with an invisible person. He would speak and then be silent as if listening to the other answer. The Saint among other things, distinctly heard the following:

"Yes, my God, I have already told You, and I do so again: I love you and wish to love You till death. If You see that I am ever going to offend You, send death to me; yes death, but never any sin!"

Don Bosco later asked him what happened in such conversations, and the boy in all simplicity replied:

"Poor me! I fall into a distraction and in such moments lose the thread of my prayers, and see such beautiful things, that hours pass away like mere moments!"

St. John himself stated that the innocence of the boy's life, his consuming love for God and the yearning for heavenly things, produced in the lad a constant communion with God. Often he would stop in the midst of his play and separate himself from his companions. He would look up to heaven and be wrapt outside of himself. Asked why he left his companions in this way, he answered:

"I am overcome with the usual distractions, and Paradise seems to open above my head; I have then to leave my playmates so as not to speak of those things which they might perhaps hold up to ridicule!"

Thus May and June, 1856, passed, but with the heats of July the treasured flower of the Oratory seemed to wilt ever so little. Don Bosco became quite worried and called in several physicians. He told them all he knew of Savio and the doctors were astonished at the sanctity of the boy.

"What remedy would you suggest as the most useful to him?" the priest finally asked.

Dr. Vallauri smiled and said:

"The easiest remedy would be to let him go to Paradise for which he seems so well prepared. The one thing that might protract life is to take him for a time entirely away from study and give him some other very easy occupation."

The summer vacation was then just starting, so Don Bosco decided to send him to his own home to breathe his native air.

Don Bosco sent word to the boy's father and the date of the departure was set for March 1, 1857. It could be seen quite plainly that he would have preferred to stay at the Oratory.

THE LIGUORIAN

"Why are you so unwilling to leave us?" Don Bosco asked him. "You should be glad to see your parents."

"Because I wish to die at the Oratory," he replied.

"But you will return here when you are once more well and healthy," the priest continued.

"Oh no; I'm sure I shall not. I am leaving here never to return."

The evening before his departure he asked Don Bosco many things about his soul and his sureness of heaven. On the day itself he went through the Exercise of a Happy Death with his schoolmates, went to confession and Communion. When taking leave of Don Bosco, he reminded him to tell the Pope what he had said, and at the door he pressed the Saint's hand warmly and said:

"Goodby till we see each other in Paradise!"

At the front door of the Oratory he gave a last wave of farewell to the boys:

"Goodby dear friends, and pray for me! We shall meet again in the presence of the Lord!"

Thus after three years, Savio returned once more to Mondonio — two saintly souls had met for the last time. The boys were astonished at the solemnity of this farewell, — all hoped to see him soon again at the Oratory.

GATHERING DAWN

When Dominic reached home he seemed in good spirits but after four days a decided change was noticed. His cough returned, and his appetite diminished. He was ordered to bed and bleeding was resorted to; he was told to be brave and avert his face during the process, but he laughingly said:

"What is this slight wound in comparison with the nails in the hands and feet of Jesus?"

A slight improvement set in and the Savios were happy and hopeful. But the boy seemed to think differently.

"Father," he said to his parent whom he had called to his side, "bring me the heavenly Doctor, I wish to go to Confession and Communion."

His parents were a bit shocked by this request but complied and a priest came to hear his Confession and give him Viaticum.

Four days passed, the boy had been bled ten times and had cheer-

fully taken the bitterest medicine. The Doctor thought he saw definite improvement:

"Let us give thanks to Divine Providence, the illness is overcome. He needs only to make a good recovery."

Dominic's parents were filled with joy. The lad, however, jokingly remarked:

"Yes, this world is overcome. All that remains is that I make a good appearance before God."

The Doctor left and Dominic asked for Extreme Unction. His parents did not wish to oppose him, and although neither his parents nor the priest thought the boy in danger of death, they yielded to his urgent demand. He answered all the prayers of the sacred rite, but appeared completely exhausted. The Last Blessing was also given to him. Dominic recited the *Confiteor* for the last time. It was the evening of March 9, 1857. The priest watched him an hour and a half before he died, but he found the lad so joyful and tranquil that he did not know what else he could do for him. As the priest was about to leave, the dying boy asked him:

"Father, won't you leave me some memento before you go?"

"What kind of a memento would you like to have, my dear boy?"

"Anything to help me, Father."

"Well, Dominic, keep in mind the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ."

"Deo gratias," cried the boy, "yes, the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ! May it be ever on my lips and in my heart!"

He appeared to sleep for half an hour and when he awoke, he called softly to his watching parent:

"Father ———"

"Here I am, my dear boy, what is it that you want?"

"My time has come, father! Take my Prayer-book (the one Don Bosco gave him) and read to me the prayers for a good death."

His mother broke into tears and had to leave the room; the father mastered his emotion and read slowly and solemnly the prayers the boy desired. Dominic repeated each phrase after him, asking only to repeat alone the invocation: "Merciful Jesus, have pity on me!" The quiet of the room was broken only by the sound of the beautiful prayers.

"When my soul appears before Thee, and for the first time be-

THE LIGURIAN

holds the immortal splendor of Thy Majesty, drive it not away from Thy presence, but deign to receive it into the bosom of Thy mercy, that I may sing Thy praises forever."

"Yes," came the vibrant voice from the bed, "that is what I long to do: sing God's praises forever."

The tired eyes fluttered shut for a little while, then he opened them once more as he said in a clear joyful voice:

"Goodby, dear father, goodby! The priest told me to think of something . . . but I've forgotten what it was . . . Oh, what beautiful things I see. . . ."

A smile lit up his face—a face that literally shone with joy—and with hands clasped in ecstasy he was off to God.

HE BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH

For a while Dominic's father thought the boy asleep, but as he received no answer to repeated questions, he knew that Dominic had gone to God. All his friends were in deep grief but all joined in the universal exclamation: "He was a saint, and is already in Paradise." They buried him in the Campo Santo on the hill outside Mondonio to which each year a crowd of boys go from Turin to make a pilgrimage and place an evergreen wreath upon the little grave. Numerous accounts of favors received were heard and Don Bosco himself narrates several of them in his biography of Dominic Savio. Miss Russell in an appendix to the English adaptation of this life, adds 18 very striking cases. Cardinals and archbishops have been loud in their praise of the holiness of the boy. The biography of Dominic was written by St. John Bosco himself at the urgent request of his boys, and has had phenomenal success and extraordinary appeal. It was the favorite book of Pope Benedict XV when a boy and has led countless lads to the priestly vocation or to holier life. This life originally written in Italian, is now available in an English adaptation by Miss Russell (Herder, 1934).

On April 4, 1908 the preliminary process for the purpose of gathering information upon the life, virtues and reputation for sanctity of the lad was begun at Turin. Six years later the Cause was formally introduced into Rome. The same year witnessed the translation of the remains from Mondonio to Turin. The translation had to be done at night for the inhabitants were in a mood to oppose the taking away of their "little saint." The ashes enclosed within an urn were placed

in one of the great columns that uphold the great dome of the Church of Our Lady Help of Christians, and quite near the sacred remains of Don Bosco rest. Pius X, who used to call Savio "his dear little saint in trousers," followed the Savio cause with great interest. On July 9, 1933 the heroicity of the virtues of the boy was solemnly declared, and now the Church asks God to exalt His servant by the performance of two miracles. On the occasion of the declaration of the virtues, Pope Pius XI gave a magnificent panegyric in which he designated Dominic's outstanding virtues as "purity, piety and zeal." And thus the lad who, perhaps more than any other, was responsible for the "Golden Age of the Oratory" at Turin, bids fair to become a powerful incentive towards correct boyhood ideals, and materialize the desires of Pius X when he said:

"He is a real model for the youth of our times. A boy . . . that is indeed a saint."

And Pius XI:

"Behold the first thing to note. At the school of Blessed John Bosco and following his example, this boy, who was to die at the age of fifteen, in a very short space, became a little, rather a great, giant of the spirit; at fifteen! a true and perfect example of christian life, with those characteristics of which we have need in our own day to present them to our youth: for this was indeed the perfection of the christian life; a life which derived its strength from three main springs, *purity, piety, and zeal.*"

(THE END)

THE VISION OF MARY

The following is a literal translation of the Irish "Aisling Mhuire"—the Vision of Mary—a legend of the boyhood of Jesus:

Jesus: Is that sleep that is on thee, O Mother?

Mary: It is not, but a vision, of Son of the Passion.

Jesus: What is the vision, O Mother?

Mary: That Thou wast being scourged, being smothered,
Being bound to a pillar of stone,
Being tortured, being intensely tortured,
Thy share of beautiful blessed Blood flowing
In streams to the ground from Thee,
The spear of venom piercing Thy right side.

FLOUNDERING SHIPS

A not uncommon situation, with an outcome that might have been taken from a daily newspaper, is here described. Read—and think!

D. J. Corrigan, C.Ss.R.

In everyday parlance, Harold (Mike) Groff was mad. The last sarcastic remark of the professor, which had caused a titter to run around the class, was still stinging his ears and making his heart pound like an old-fashioned gasoline engine.

"In the future, Mr. Groff, when you raise an objection, be able to sustain it with at least one good argument."

The big lad half arose from his seat: "I'll be back tomorrow with the arguments." There was another laugh.

"Smart boy!" whispered one of the girls.

Thereafter, for the hurt in his soul, Mike Groff proceeded to do all things wrong. Two badly muddled recitations, a half dozen glass trays smashed to bits on the laboratory floor, and a near fist fight during basket ball practice all but drew the curtains on a disastrous day. Not until late in the evening did some measure of the natural peace of his heart come back to comfort him, when he was already on his way to see "the Pope" about it all. "The Pope" was a title which a generation of St. Andrew's boys had fondly attached to stout-hearted, kindly old Father Lambert, probably because "you could always take your troubles to him and be told straight out whether you or the other fellow was to blame." During the past three and a half years this walk to the Priest's study had become a well beaten trail for Mike, who had the ill fortune to be one of approximately two million students in America's public schools.

The Priest settled down and loaded his favorite pipe. "You say that this teacher declared that prayer can produce no effect except that it makes a person feel good. And you told him that he was wrong. Since when have they started a course in *prayer* in our public schools? What in the name of heaven is this man supposed to be teaching?"

"English, Father."

"Huh! If such fellows would stick to their last and teach English,

perhaps a few of our modern high school graduates would know a little about spelling and fundamental grammar. Mike, I'm afraid that you are up against a tough proposition."

"Well, it wouldn't be the first time."

"No, it wouldn't. Do you know whether this man believes in God?"

"Sometimes I think he does, and sometimes I think he does not."

"What makes you say that?"

"Just the other day," replied the boy, with a restless movement of his head, "he spoke to us about the old Jewish God of myth and legend."

"Does he accept the Bible as the revealed word of God?"

"It is hard to say, Father. He is supposed to be some kind of a Protestant and he quotes the Bible a good deal. Once or twice he has told us that the New Testament was composed only several centuries after the death of our Lord; but he frequently speaks in glowing terms of Jesus as a perfect man, our greatest moral Teacher and Exemplar, though he seems to ridicule the idea that Christ was God."

"'Poisoning the hearts of youth,'" quoted the Priest, with an unaccustomed touch of bitterness in his voice. "Mike, since, as you say, the man professes our Saviour to have been our greatest moral Teacher and Exemplar, I'll give you a list of quotations from the teachings of Christ, especially those in which He unquestionably promises an answer to our prayer. Force them upon your professor until he admits one of two things: either that Christ, our great Teacher, made those promises or that Christ is a liar, and not even a good man."

In the stress of his argument Father Lambert had forgotten all about his pipe. He now reached for a match before continuing: "Of course, if the man is clever enough to be logical, he could probably squirm out of it by saying that those texts are interpolations. But I doubt whether he will. You can be fairly certain that this man has not thought these things out for himself. He has probably read or heard them somewhere, and because it seems a startling and a smart thing to do, he does not hesitate to propound them dogmatically to the group of innocents before him."

The Priest stood up and began pacing the floor. "The trouble is, Mike, any nit-wit can make such statements without a thought or a care for the harm that is done."

"I've seen that, Father. One of the favorite themes of our History professor is that the Ten Commandments are out of date. I asked him whether he meant to deny that there exists a moral law and he said something about the customs of society being the only moral law. That statement let down the bars for a lot of the boys and girls."

"That's just it. Like your other teacher, he makes a simple statement, and to prove him wrong, what do you have to do? You have to convince him that God exists, that He is a Divine Person with all His infinite attributes especially of knowledge and power and goodness, that He has made known to us certain moral and doctrinal truths by His Revelation, that in His plan of salvation for men His own Divine Son founded an infallible Church to rule and guide mankind, — in short, you have to convince him of everything. Ah, lad, on account of the circumstances it's a seemingly hopeless task; for even if you had all the philosophical, theological, historical and critical knowledge necessary, most likely you would not get anywhere, because usually such men are not looking for the truth."

The clock in the hallway had just struck twelve when the Priest and the boy later emerged from their conference. For two solid hours the latter had listened and questioned, until he now felt fairly certain of his ground. With his hand on the door knob he turned and said: "Well, good night, Father, and thanks."

"Say, how are the others bearing up under all this?" The "others" were the sixty or more graduates of St. Andrew's, now in the public high school.

"Not so well, Father. When I stood up in class today, they all laughed at me. I didn't mind the others' doing it, for they do not know any better; but when I saw some of our own from St. Andrew's give me the heat, I tell you it hurt."

"And Mary Burns, how is she?"

The boy's face tightened. "I'm afraid for Mary, Father. She's changed. She was all right until about a year ago; then she got in with the wrong crowd. She seems to be ashamed of her faith, and I know she's ashamed of me."

Twice the clock had ticked off the hour, Mike had been long abed, the fires had run low and died; but still a little window facing the north cast a ghostly frame of light over the snow in the rectory yard. The old Priest sat there alone with his thoughts, occasionally talking it all

over with God — How he had tried to avert this evil! He was not afraid of Mike. Why, that boy could probably go down into hell and come out unscathed. His was the sturdy faith that almost instinctively saw the reasonableness in all things Catholic, and when he was face to face with something he did not understand, he was always sure there was an answer. But the others — they did not have his home life, they did not have his character, they did not have his courage. He had tried to place them all in the Catholic Central High School; but their poverty and the already crowded school had forbidden it. Then his little club for the public school children, which had started off so happily, had dwindled and disappeared, because other interests claimed most of his boys and girls. Defeat! The bitterest agony in the life of a Priest, when he must stand by helpless and see his little ones go down like floundering ships!

The middle of March had brought the State basket ball tournament to the city. Against the choicest quintets of the region the school's team had fought its way to the semifinal.

Up in the seats, a little group of boys and girls, almost too hoarse for further yelling, stood wild eyed while they watched their fast tiring team lose its lead and fall four points behind. Three games within the short space of twenty-four hours had apparently taken too much from even such a large, clever squad, and now two of the best players of the team sat disconsolate on the bench, as they watched their near exhausted mates slowly but surely give way. A slight quiver of hopeful excitement ran through the spectators, when with six minutes left to play, Toddy Mellon sent Groff back in at guard. It seemed an age before the team could get hold of the ball; but then confidently, quietly, Mike managed to slip through three times on their trickiest formation and three times he sank his basket. Then for two minutes they fell back into their own territory and warded off the fierce attack of their opponents. The game was won!

Outside the dressing room most of the students were waiting for the team.

"Groff certainly saved the day."

"Wasn't he magnificent!" exclaimed a pretty little miss, who was favorably known as "Darling."

Mary Burns did not know why she joined this group. She had not

spoken to Mike for months. She looked up, as one of the boys remarked:

"Too bad he's so bullheaded about religion. He could be the most popular boy in school."

"Well, you have to admire him for his courage. And he lives up to his words; he's the cleanest boy in school!"

Mary looked on with interest, for it was "Darling" who spoke and "Darling" was not a Catholic.

Just then the players, a happy, noisy group, came streaming through the doors. They were gleefully hailed and hugged, and almost torn apart by their jubilant schoolmates. Mary looked for Mike, but no Mike appeared. Later he came out with the coach.

"Why, Mary —— !" he exclaimed, as she planted herself before him.

On their way home they did not have much to say. But the boy's heart was content; he had grown up with Mary from babyhood; they had played at the same childish games, romped at the same little parties, fought for the same grammar school prizes; he knew that her only major fault was that of following the crowd; if she had slipped with the others, he could not blame her, for even at its best there was nothing in a public high school to encourage loyalty to religion. At her doorway he asked:

"Will I be seeing you soon again, Mary?"

"Yes, Mike. But there is one favor I want to ask you. Will you do it?"

"What is it?"

"Will you please stop arguing religion in class just for these last few months?"

"Do you mean that I should just sit there dumb and let them get away with all that bunk?"

"Well, Mike, your arguing doesn't do any good. It just makes us Catholics the butts for jokes. There are only a few of the teachers who are mean. If we let them have their say, we can be just as good Catholics."

He hated to say it, but decided he had to. "Mary, when did you receive the sacraments last?"

With a startled look and a stifled cry she fled, leaving him alone in the darkness.

Early June brought the approach to examinations and graduation. Mike looked forward to these events with mingled feelings. On the one side were his successes: the fact that his marks had been high, if sometimes grudgingly given by one or two of his professors; also the fact that he had become the first boy in the school ever to make the All-State Teams in three sports. On the other hand, he reflected, were his whole and partial failures: he had lost the presidency of his class by three votes, and he knew that some of the Catholics had voted against him; he had been on the defensive for four years, fighting what he knew from the surrounding circumstances to be a losing battle for his own and the others' Faith; and finally he felt that he had lost Mary, for Mary was now frequently seen in the company of Jimmie Grant, one of the well-to-do but most irresponsible members of the class of 1936.

As though his troubles must dog him right down to the end of the trail, the School Board Officials ordained the Baccalaureate should be held in the First Baptist Church, with the Reverend Sylvester Simons, Presbyterian, to deliver the sermon.

Mike vented his feelings to Father Lambert: "Here for four years I've just about been the only one in the school who had a good word to say for religion, and then for graduation week they get a Protestant minister to preach us a sermon!"

He met Mary after class.

"Are you going, Mary?"

"Where?"

"To that church, for that Baccalaureate sermon."

"Oh, I haven't given it much thought. I suppose so. Why do you ask?"

"Well, you know it is not right for us to go. I thought that since we Catholics make up a third of the class, we might break up the show by not appearing. The real graduation exercises will be held in the gym, anyway."

"Looks like you are going to be a fool all your life, Mike."

From the time when as a tiny lad with bloody nose and a broken knuckle he had sought refuge from a gang of street urchins in the nearest down town doorway, Mike and Desk Sergeant Timothy Conroy had been fast friends. At that time the soft hearted Irish Policeman

had sent him off to a doctor, and hardly a week had passed since without his receiving a visit from Mike.

"Hear you're going to be out of school soon, Mike."

"Yeh, next week," distractedly answered the boy. He thought: "What a relief to be out of school!"

"What are you going to do then? Become a cop?"

"Not unless there's nothing else to do."

"Now, now, what's ailin' ye? I remember when it used to be your big ambition." He directed his attention to a buzzing phone — "Yes. — Where is it? — All right, we'll be up there immediately." He turned to Mike: "Know anybody by the name of Jimmie Grant?"

"Yes. Classmate of mine."

"Well, he's in for it now. Seems as how his uncle let him have his summer cottage for a party and now the old man calls me up asking me to arrest the whole bunch. Seems as they're all drunk and breaking the furniture."

"A pretty mess before grad ——" the boy stopped. "Say, Mary's at that party!"

"Who?"

"Tim, will you hold off ten minutes on this investigation? There's a good girl up there and I've got to get her out."

The taxi-driver took all the money he had and broke every speed law in the city. Mike remembered the place; he had once been out there for a swim. As they drew closer, he could tell it from the noise. Without a bother for knocking, he pushed open the door and walked in.

"Well, if it ain't old goody-goody!"

The room was a wreck, with shattered windows and broken chairs, and a sickening odor of alcohol and vomit all over the place. He found Mary in a corner, frightened but defiant.

"Come," he said.

"What are you doing here?"

Down the road came the faint shriek of a siren.

"Come with me," he repeated.

"No."

Then he picked her up and carried her out. . . .

Around the Burns' breakfast table a storm was gathering for a break. They were all waiting for the oldest daughter of the house. Dan Burns had been worrying considerably of late about his girl. When

at length Mary appeared, she came to a sudden halt at the expression on their faces.

"Say, weren't you at Jimmie Grant's party last night?"

The girl's countenance lost a few shades of color. "Yes, — but I came home before it was over."

"Then that's why your name isn't here. Maybe this will teach you to stop associating with that crowd. Look!"

He spread out for her the morning paper.

The whole town rang with the disgrace of it all. Parents and teachers flew up in arms; a half dozen city editors set about the serious business of denouncing the lawlessness of modern youth; thirteen roiled up ministers laid aside the manuscripts of their already prepared Sunday discourses; the W.C.T.U. and the Ladies Aid immediately girded themselves for the fray. Truly was it a whole city risen in righteous indignation, calling down fire and brimstone on the bewildered heads of the nineteen graduates who had spent a drunken night in jail!

Already the Reverend Sylvester Simmons was at his desk, penning a polite little note to the effect that much to his sorrow *other business* had compelled him to cancel his engagement for the Baccalaureate.

On the day following Mike Groff stood hesitant over a letter just received.

Dear Mike,

I've been the biggest fool on earth. Will you ever forgive me?

Mary

At the final class session of the year, Mr. T. B. Jones, teacher of History, after having assigned the examination, could not but ease himself of some of his pent up wrath.

"You've disgraced your parents; you've disgraced your school; now go ahead and disgrace me!"

The young culprits sat thoroughly cowed. Opprobrium from all sides had sapped from them even the inclination to be resentful. But all heads turned, as from the rear of the room a solitary voice spoke up.

"Mr. Jones, you're absolutely unfair. These boys and girls have not disgraced their parents and their school. It's the system, and a few scamps like you, that are to blame. You told us that the Ten Commandments are out of date, that the customs of society make the only

ROMANCE AMONG THE SAINTS

THE HUMAN LOVE OF FREDERICK OZANAM: FOUNDER OF THE ST. VINCENT de PAUL SOCIETY

Aug. T. Zeller, C.Ss.R.

In the life of Ozanam, the founder of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, there were two great human romances: that which centered about his childhood home, and that which later glorified his marriage. The first of these romances is treated here: next month the second will be described.

Frederick Ozanam is not a saint in the technical sense: he has not been canonized. But his personality as revealed in his life, his position as Founder of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, his reputation for holiness of life which has led in recent years to the introduction of his cause for

canonization, allow us to look up to him, as a model and to speak of him as a saint in a wider (but not therefore less true) sense.

When we consider the character and achievement of the St. Vincent de Paul Society since its beginning about the year 1835,—when we reflect how much good it has done through the years for the poor and for the members themselves, we cannot help thinking that the man responsible for its foundation must have been a man of high moral excellence—in fact a saint.

Anyone who reads the life of Ozanam will only find this impression deepened to conviction. Here is a personality that challenges our admiration. It would be a pleasure to give the complete story of his life. But we must content ourselves, for our purpose, with sketching in a few salient strokes the character of the man, so that we can appreciate the beauty and the glory of the Romance that figured in its youth.

Frederick Ozanam, born on April 13, 1813, was the son of a Doctor. His parents had passed through the harrowing days of the French Revolution and had suffered all its anguish and fears. Religion in France was in a bad way and it must have been discouraging for parents as they thought of the education of their children.

"In the midst of an age of skepticism," wrote Frederick many years later, "God gave me the grace of being born in the Faith. As a child He set me on the knees of a Christian father and a holy mother."

His mother herself took charge of the education of the children; she was in real truth a Teacher-Mother. Here is the picture Frederick paints for us in after days.

The miseries of her childhood, her later misfortunes — especially the frequent loss of children — and her own somewhat delicate health, had made her nervous and prone to look on the dark side of things. The least thing excited her uneasiness, and the scrupulosity of her conscience added to this. But in spite of all — such were her efforts at self-control — she was gentle and lively, making joyful songs for her children and singing with them in their family feasts.

Despite all her hindrances she was very active in her home life — "looking well to the ways of her household, occupying herself continually with her young children teaching them to walk, to read, to write; her happiness above all was to give them their earliest lessons of piety and religion."

She put them to bed, taught them to turn their little hearts to God and before leaving them for the night "spoke to them a few words of God, the Holy Virgin, the good Angel, or the Saints, mingling her gentle words with those mother's kisses which penetrated to the depth of the soul, and which embalmed them forever."

She watched over all their little works, taught them how to study. She had a set time for them to study, to play, to eat, to sleep, — and her watchfulness grew rather than lessened with the years.

The father, an equally earnest-minded man of deep faith, seconded the mother's efforts in every way.

There was quite a difference in the ages of the children — because of the loss of some. So it happened that Frederick's sister, Elise, became his teacher. She was delighted with the task, for the boy showed a remarkable cleverness. She taught him sacred history, geography, and the fables of La Fontaine. This gentle teacher, of whom Frederick said later that "she was pious and intelligent as the angels whom she went to rejoin," died when Frederick was only seven.

This long sojourn in the home, and education by mother and sister, left their imprint on the character of the boy.

His father destined young Frederick to be a lawyer. "He has deli-

cate sentiments," said he of Frederick, "pure and generous and he will be an enlightened and upright magistrate."

Frederick's own idea was entirely different. He had another future in mind for himself — a great plan which seemed to occupy his mind always. I had best give it in his own words, as written to two friends of his, also students of law:

"As for me, my part is taken, my task is traced for life.

"Like you, I feel that the past is falling, that the foundations of the old building are shaken, and that a terrible shock has changed the earth. But what will rise out of the ruins? Will society remain buried under the old rubbish of overturned thrones, or will she reappear more brilliant, younger or more beautiful? . . . This is the great question. I who believe in Providence. . . . I believe in a sort of rebirth. But what will be the form of it? What will be the law of the new society?"

"Here I pause and reflect: the first need of man, the first need of society, are religious ideas; the heart thirsts for the infinite. Besides, if there is a God and if there are men, there must be relations between them; therefore there must be a religion; therefore there must be a revelation from the beginning; and consequently again, there must be a religion coming from the beginning, ancient in its origin and essentially divine and for that very reason essentially true."

To find this true religion, he argues, is all important; it alone will regenerate the world. History, he believes firmly, will reveal it; therefore he must devote himself to the study of history. This is how, with the enthusiasm of 18 years but with the wisdom of a greater age, he outlines his life's work as he felt it then:

"Here is the need which I have felt in society; in myself I have a similar one: I must have something to which to attach myself and take root to resist the torrent of doubt.

"And then, O my friends, my soul is filled with joy and consolation; for see! by the strength of her reason my soul has found again precisely this Catholicism which was formerly taught me by the mouth of an excellent mother, which was so dear to my childhood, and which nourished so often my mind and my heart with its beautiful memories and its hopes yet more beautiful — Catholicism with all its grandeur and delights!"

This made him set to work at once: "To know a dozen languages, to consult sources and documents, to know tolerably well geology and

astronomy, to be able to discuss the chronologic and cosmogonic systems of peoples and of learned men; to study, in a word, universal history in all its extent and the history of religious beliefs in all its depth—that is what I have to do to attain to the expression of my idea.”

And this idea seemed to grip him completely with an imperious power:

“When an idea has seized upon you for two years,” he writes, “and taken the first place in your thought, impatient to express itself, are you master to hold it back? When a voice cries to you without ceasing, Do this; I will it,—can you tell it to keep silence?”

In a young man so completely dominated by a great idea, who seized upon it with all the enthusiasm of his youth, we can well imagine that there was little room for romance.

At the University of Paris this same idea gleamed before him like a beacon beckoning on. At this he worked more than at his law. Like a magnet all Christian students—those who had a spark of faith left in them, gathered around him. He was the ruling spirit of various study clubs; he contributed to various reviews, laying the foundation of the great work of his ripe years as Professor of History; he studied languages and read voraciously piling up material for his work; he objected to atheist and deist professors and forced them to change the tone of their lectures; he secured the introduction of the famous Conferences of Notre Dame by Lacordaire—which did so much to revive Catholicism among the young, and finally he started the small group of young men on charitable work, which later developed into the great St. Vincent de Paul Society. It was all part of his crusade.

It was very hard. His nature wearied under the strain. And there was in his character a certain pusillanimity, that, even while he was forced to lead others made him seek for some one to lean on.

This he found, in those years, in his home and friends. He seemed to feel no need of any more intimate relationships—these he made as intimate and tender as possible.

“Dost thou think me happy?” he writes to a friend. “Oh no, I am not so. For there is in me an immense solitude,—great dissatisfaction. Separated from those whom I love, I feel within me, something I know not what, of the *childish* which needs to live beside the domestic hearth, under the shadow of father and mother—something of an unexplain-

able tenderness which dries up in the air of the capital. And Paris displeases me, because there is no life, no faith, no love; it is like a vast corpse to which I am tied—all young and living—the coldness of which freezes me, the corruption of which kills me.”

He was lodged during the years of his university studies, with the family of the famous mathematician and scientist—Ampere. It was a rather serious house. “Habitually,” he writes to his mother, “papa Ampere (as you call him) works much and plays little; and as it is he who is the life and the soul of the house, the result is that diversion is rare in it.” He thinks of the pleasant Sunday evenings at home “under the wing of the family,” relieved by games and frolic and singing.

“Certainly,” he continues, “the family among whom I am, loads me with attention; but I am a stranger to its joys and griefs. I am there in a sphere which is not mine; no more chit-chats or openings of the heart—no more family feasts.” Note the tender feeling in these lines:

“Thus I shall see New Year’s Day pass—that day so much loved. I shall see it celebrated around me by a happy family; a good father loaded with caresses, beside a hearth where I sit only by a title of hospitality. I shall see all this; and I shall think that I—I also—have an excellent father, that I have a cherished mother and well-beloved brothers, and that I shall not be able to embrace them. Oh, if you knew all the bitterness that these reflections have for my soul!

“God is generous, no doubt, to have softened my exile by the society in which I find myself placed—and God does everything well. He has seen indeed that homesickness would make me suffer—suffer greatly; and that weak as I am, I should want many consolations to keep me up to the end.”

These letters to his mother are of rare beauty. The tender love that runs through them, despite all his learning and intellectual occupations, manifests a soul that still breathes the pure air of childhood. He tells her of all his doings, of his religious practices, of his hopes and of his longing to be at home again.

“My heart knows,” he concludes one, “how many times I thought of you all during the day.”

A little incident illustrates the depth of his reverence for his mother. One day Ozanam was visiting the renowned Chateaubriand.

The great man received the youthful Ozanam kindly and the talk drifted to literary matters. Chateaubriand asked Ozanam whether he intended to go to the theatre.

Frederick was embarrassed. His mother had earnestly begged him before he went to Paris never to go. He was now terribly afraid to appear childish to the great man.

Chateaubriand must have guessed that some struggle was going on in the young man's heart, and continued to look calmly at him as if waiting for a reply. Frederick told the simple truth.

"I do not intend to go because my mother bade me not to."

Chateaubriand bent toward the young man and said affectionately:

"Follow your mother's counsel, I beg you. You will gain nothing at the theatre, and you may lose a great deal."

All the depths of this love for family and for his mother especially may be seen in his grief at her illness. Then it was that he wrote to a friend these poignant lines:

"I see that this health which is dear to me, is impossible; that her sensibility to sickness has become extreme. . . . With this she redoubles her good works and imposes on herself fatigues before which I myself, young and strong, shrink back. I have much anxiety for the next winter. My dear friend, if you have two places to give me in your prayers, give one of them for the health of my mother, and the other for me. If you have only one, let it be for my mother. Praying for her is praying for me. To her preservation in this world is, perhaps, attached my salvation in the other."

His capacity or rather need for friendship can be discerned very clearly from his many and long letters to his friends,—from whom, in turn, he derived much help. Thus he writes:

"My dear Friend:

More than a month has passed away since we made our adieus and promised ourselves to visit each other by letters from time to time during our vacation. While waiting for your visit I come to make mine to you,—I am so impatient to know something about you,—what are your occupations for the present, and what are your ideas for the future.

"Besides you are not ignorant that the love of silence is not my favorite virtue, that my happiness is to pour out into the soul of a friend all that I think, all that I feel, all the fantasies of my imagination, all the dreams of my mind. And, transported for five weeks under other skies,

I have seen, felt, and thought a multitude of things that I must needs tell you."

In fact, he believed that friendship had a power all its own for good.

"Friendship," he says, "formed under the auspices of faith, in a double confraternity of religious discussions and charitable deeds, far from growing cold by abuse, draws closer, and becomes as it were more concentrated. They live in memory, and memory beautifies all things, idealizes all realities, purifies every image and retains the pleasant far more vividly than the painful ones."

Such was his delight in these friendships, so beautifully illustrated in his correspondence, and so numerous were they, that all his nature not consumed in the intellectual pursuits that he followed so earnestly and all his time seemed to be adequately absorbed. He seemed to feel so little need of anything more that he could hardly understand his friends marrying. Thus he writes to one of his most intimate friends:

"I am greatly touched by your confidence. There is no more severe trial than this uncertainty concerning a question on which one's whole life depends and in these circumstances the full or complete acceptance of the divine Will must be most meritorious. You are so deeply imbued with this belief, that your decision, whatever it may be, cannot but turn out for happiness and your salvation.

"But I cling to the hope of seeing you preserve your liberty a little longer; of seeing you wait a little before contracting new duties which would enchain you completely and leave you no time for study or for action.

"The solitary life you are leading just now is no doubt sad and dreary; but work can fill it up and religion can console it. God and science, charity and study, are not these enough to charm your youth? And then, if I may say out all I think, is virginity a virtue fit only for the daughters of love? Was it not, on the contrary, one of the principal glories of our Redeemer? Is it not the fairest flower that is cultivated in the garden of the Church? . . . Would you not be glad to take it to heaven, were you called away during those perilous years which precede perfect maturity?"

It was a deep, religious feeling, therefore, that made him put the question of marriage out of his mind as if it were of no concern to

him. And if marriage was out of the question, so were friendships with women.

The serious view he took of the needs of the time, likewise made him turn away from the thought.

"You speak of the sweets of family life; but my dear friend, is it quite opportune, this material, this sentimental well-being, this two-fold egotism? Is society so happy, is religion honored, is our Christian youth so numerous and so active . . . that you, to whom God has given such ability . . . should feel justified in withdrawing from the field like a tired laborer who has borne the heat of the day?"

He could not see, as is evident, that even though married, these young men could carry on the great work of the Study Clubs and the St. Vincent de Paul Society, which they had till now so well maintained. The fault lay, no doubt, in the apathy of the older men — the apathy, perhaps, that came from despair.

Moreover, he had a somewhat disdainful idea of womankind. It almost makes us smile when we read in one of his letters:

"It may be that there is, in some of this, unjust contempt for women," he writes a friend. "Nevertheless, the Holy Virgin and my Mother and some others, would make me pardon many things to these daughters of Eve. But I declare that in general I do not understand them. Their sensibility is sometimes admirable, but their understanding is desperately light and inconsequent. Have you ever seen a conversation more capriciously interrupted, less followed out than theirs?"

This can easily be explained to a certain extent at least by the character of the young women he met. Ozanam was a young man who was already making his mark — befriended by some of the greatest scholars and scientific men of the day and was naturally looked upon as a desirable prize by many a mother in Paris and Lyons.

Besides, Ozanam had so high an idea of the responsibilities of marriage and at the same time so humble an idea of himself that it made him shrink from it.

"Fatherhood," he wrote to a friend who was about to marry, "is a sort of royalty — a kind of priesthood. Your vocation is beautiful, — but it is difficult, it is grave."

And still the time was to come when he — who seemed so impervious to every charm of woman — was to feel the need. I should rather say — feel the Divine leading; for he looked upon marriage as a

vocation. Thus after giving one of the most beautiful descriptions of marriage in a letter to a friend, he says:

"But I stammer a language which I know not at all as yet: I speak of things which have not yet been revealed to me. With me, imagination developed early; emotion has been tardy. Although my age is that of passions, I have hardly felt their first appearances. My poor head has already suffered much, but my heart has as yet known no other affections than those of blood and friendship.

"However, it seems to me that I have felt for some time the symptoms telling the coming of a new order of sentiment, and it frightens me. I feel a great void beginning in me which neither friendship nor study fills. I don't know what will come to fill it. Will it be God? Will it be a creature?"

He did not seem to see that these two were not necessarily opposed; that a creature might be loved in God and might be the means of bringing God still more into the soul. At any rate, continuing, he develops his ideal:

"If it is to be a creature, I pray that it may be late before she presents herself, when I shall become worthy of her; I pray that she may bring with her what is necessary of exterior charms to prevent place being left for any regret. But I pray above all that she may come with an excellent soul; that she may bring a great virtue; that she may be worth much more than I; that she draw me upwards; that she may not make me descend; that she may be generous, because often I am pusillanimous; that she may be fervent, because I am lukewarm in the things of God; that lastly, she may be compassionate, that I may not have to blush before her for my inferiority. These are my wishes, my dreams; but as I told you, nothing is more impenetrable to me than my own future."

Ozanam by these beautiful expectations reveals that his disparaging language about the other sex may have been due partly to momentary low feelings — for we cannot help noticing in his life that he had marked ups and downs.

Here we see practically the end of the first romance of his life and the door opening on an entirely new romance. Were his dreams inspired by someone he had met? It seems not. They were but the vague intimations that a new love was awakening. He was still to find the way to unite a great human and Divine love.

Quadragesimo Anno

THE ENCYCLICAL: THE FORTIETH YEAR

Translation and Comment by R. J. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

PART I. CONTINUED

No. 3. THE FUNCTION OF THE STATE

It follows, indeed, from what We have called the double aspect of private property, individual and social, that in this matter men must consider not only their own advantage, but also the common good. And it is the function of

What It Can Do

those who rule the State to define these duties in detail, wherever necessity demands and the natural law itself does not cover the case.

What owners, therefore, may or may not do in using their property, in view of the real necessities of the common good, can be determined in particular by public authority, — always in accordance with the natural and the divine law. Moreover, Leo XIII very wisely did not hesitate to teach “that the limits of private possessions have been left by God to be fixed by man’s own industry and the institutions of particular peoples.” The reason is because ownership, like the other elements of social life, is not altogether unchangeable; history provides this, as We Ourselves declared upon another occasion in these words: “How many varied forms has not property taken! From the primitive form of simple and uncivilized peoples — evident even today in certain places — it passed into that of the patriarchal age; then gradually to the various tyrannical forms (We use the word “tyrannical” in its classical sense); then to the feudal, to the monarchical, right down to the various species of modern times.” It is plain, however, that the State may not exercise

What It Cannot Do

this office in an arbitrary manner. The natural right itself of owning private property, and of transmitting it by inheritance, must always remain intact and sacred, as something which the State cannot abolish; “for man is older than the State;” and also “the domestic household is anterior both in idea and in fact to the gathering of men into a commonwealth.” Hence also Leo XIII most wisely declared that it is wrong for the State to exhaust private holdings by excessive tributes and taxes. “For the right to possess private property is from nature, not from the State; and the State has only the right to regulate its use in the interests of the public good, but by no means to abolish it altogether.” And when the State does regulate private property in the interests of

Advantages of this Power

the common good, it is not acting as the enemy, but as the friend of private owners; for by so doing it is effectively preventing private property, which was instituted by Almighty God in His Providence to be a help to human life, from giving rise to intolerable evils and so hastening its own destruction; moreover, by such action private property is not destroyed but protected; not weakened, but given added strength.

QUESTIONS ABOUT “THE FORTIETH YEAR”

Settling controversies about “the function of the state,” what does Pius XI do?

After an introduction, he does three things: *first*, shows what the State can do about the property right; *secondly*, what it cannot do; and *thirdly* gives the advantages connected with this power of the State.

What is noteworthy in the introduction?

The statement that sometimes the natural law itself may impose limitations or

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obligations "in this matter": i.e., on the property right itself, or on its use, even when there is no positive law covering the case.

When would the natural law put a limitation or an obligation on the property right itself?

This happens (to give one instance) in cases of what is called "extreme need"; — if a man or his family is starving, he may take something out of another man's abundance; the owner has an obligation imposed by the natural law, to give up the very ownership of the thing; and it is not stealing for the one in need to take it, — even though, according to human law, he may be arrested and punished.

What are some obligations imposed by the natural law on the use of property?

Such are the duties of almsgiving — even though there be no human law to cover the case.

Showing "what the State can do," what does Pius XI do?

Two things: *first*, shows what it can do regarding the use of property; and *secondly*, what it can do regarding the institution of private property.

Showing "what the State can do regarding the use of property," what does Pius XI do?

Two things: *first*, shows under what conditions; *secondly*, the State can determine how owners may or may not use their property.

What is noteworthy about the "conditions"?

Two things, *first*, the reference to "real necessities of the common good," — which is an indication that "the State may not exercise this office in an arbitrary manner"; and *secondly*, the reference to divine law; which would seem to be a renewal of Papal protests (especially in "Rerum Novarum" n. 39) against government confiscation of Church property; for Church property is held in virtue of natural and divine law.

What are some cases of the State's determining "how owners may or may not use their property"?

Some such cases are: 1) the matter of *building*: "real necessities of the common good" demand that the State make certain restrictions for common safety and decency as to the kind of buildings, etc., that owners may erect upon their property; 2) the matter of *land-cultivation*; there is a "real necessity," at least in certain countries, that owners be required to put their arable lands to cultivation, instead of keeping them as private parks; 3) the matter of *the banking business*; there surely is a "real necessity" that government should safeguard the people's savings by regulating banking (as seems to have been done in the recent U. S. Banking Act); 4) the matter of *monopolies and holding companies*; again, a "real necessity" demands that the State prevent a few rich men from using their power and wealth to exploit the people by "cornering the market," etc.; (in the U. S. the recent "Holding Company Act" seems to be an instance of the use of this power of the State); 5) the so-called "*right of eminent domain*," in virtue of which the State can order that an owner yield up his property — either to the State itself, or to some other person (e.g. to a railroad which needs the property for a right of way) — always on condition that just compensation be made to the owner; 6) *money matters*, — as expressed in the United States Constitution: "The Congress shall have power . . . to coin money, regulate the value thereof, and of foreign coin."

Showing what the State can do regarding "the institution of private property," what does Pius XI do?

Two things: *first*, he *states the fact* (quoting from "Rerum Novarum," n. 7) that "the limits of private possessions,"—i.e., the institution of private property in the second sense,—are to be fixed by "the institutions of individual peoples" and "man's own industry"; and *secondly*, he *proves* (quoting from an address of his own to a convention of Italian Catholic Action, May 16, 1926) that the institution of private property is "not altogether unchangeable."

Why does Pius XI make these two particular quotations?

Because they had been misunderstood: even some Catholics had thought they showed the Popes as teaching that the State is the source of the institution of private property, and can therefore dispose of it "in an arbitrary manner." Pius XI here by his explanation, shows what these quotations really mean: namely, (to use our old example of human speech, which is "another element of social life") that the State can do as much with private property as it can with human speech: it cannot touch the institution itself in its essential nature, but can give it a particular form, or determine what is and what is not correct in its use.

What is meant by "the institutions of individual peoples" and "man's own industry"?

The "institutions" are the customs, traditions, laws in a particular nation determining what particular form the institution of private property will take, and just how individuals are to acquire property in that nation; (the "official" translation of "Rerum Novarum," n. 5, is inaccurate in putting "laws" instead of "institutions") in order, then, to acquire property, a person must perform certain actions in accordance with these institutions—he must place a *title* (e.g.,—buying, inheriting, etc.); and his placing a title to this or that piece of property is "man's own industry."

How did the institution of private property change in the various forms enumerated?

Under the *primitive*, land was, or is, owned in common by the tribe, and only hunting and fishing implements, and domestic utensils, were owned as private property by the individuals; then under the *patriarchal*, the chief or patriarch owned all the land as his private property, and gave it to his subjects on condition that they pay him rent or tribute; under the "*tyrannical*" (in its "classical" sense, the word "tyrant" means an absolute ruler of ancient times, e.g., Julius Caesar, but not necessarily a cruel ruler) private individuals could own almost anything, even human beings or slaves, as their private property, and had few obligations (at least as far as human law imposed them) connected with their right; under the *feudal*, the main feature was the changed conditions of the slaves; instead of being owned as private property, the poorer classes had become "serfs," and while they were "bound to the soil," i.e., they could never be anything but servants of the man who owned the land on which they lived, still, they had various claims and rights obliging their masters to protect and help them; under the *monarchical*, the "serfs" more or less lost their claims again upon their masters; the masters became "landlords," and the serfs became "tenants"; under the *more recent*,—i.e., the "capitalistic," while in theory all men are perfectly equal, and therefore able to acquire an equal amount of property, in practice we see that "a small number of very rich men have been able to lay upon the masses of the poor a yoke little better than slavery itself." (R. N., n. 2.)

Are there any instances familiar in modern times of changes in the institution of private property?

Catholic Anecdotes



EASTER BELLS

During the victorious march of the army of Napoleon through the countries of Europe, it came upon the little town of Feldkirch, situated on the frontiers of Austria. Napoleon found Feldkirch on the way of his march, and ordered one of his generals to take it, as a housewife would order a servant to kill a fowl for dinner.

The general selected for the task was Massena; and one beautiful Easter morning, as the people prepared to go to the first Mass of the festival, they saw Massena's forces, eighteen thousand strong, encamped on the heights above the town.

There was great consternation. No one knew the best course to pursue, so a hurried meeting of the town council was called. One thing all were agreed upon — that it was useless to oppose the great number of the invading army. Then some one arose and suggested that a messenger be sent to the French camp with a flag of truce and the keys of the town, asking for some degree of mercy — at least that the women, children and old men might be spared, and general destruction averted.

Then an old and beloved priest arose, and all listened with closest attention to his words:

"My children," he said, "this is Easter Day. Cannot God, Who arose from the dead, protect us in our distress? Shall our first act in this calamity be to forsake Him? We of ourselves can do nothing. What are we against that vast number awaiting the order to attack us? Let us go to church as usual, and trust to God for the rest."

The people accepted his words hopefully, and the sextons were ordered to ring all the bells of the town as joyfully as possible. Crowds of people thronged the streets and entered the churches; and one would not have known, except for the menacing host upon the hill, that anything had interfered with the happiness of those who were rejoicing in the Resurrection of the Saviour.

So the joy-bells rang and rang; and the French, hearing them, took word to their general that they were ringing because of the arrival of reinforcements; that the place had been relieved in the night by a large

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portion of the Austrian army. The general, believing this, ordered his troops to retreat at once.

So, it is said, the Easter bells of Feldkirch saved the city, and the people gave thanks to God for their deliverance.

PREPARED

Captain John Drum, of the Ninth Infantry, was one of the most famous soldiers of the United States Army. He had grown gray in the service of his country; had fought throughout the Civil War and in many western campaigns, where, because of his stentorian commands when in action, he had earned from the Indians the name of Thunder Voice.

When the Spanish American War broke out, Captain Drum was ordered to join his regiment, and he immediately sailed for Cuba. At El Caney, the troops were ordered to assault the Spanish lines. Captain Drum's company led; and at his side, shoulder to shoulder, marched a Catholic priest, who at the Captain's request, heard his confession as they marched into battle.

It was his last confession, for at the first charge, while his voice rang out cheering his men on, Captain Drum fell dead.

"I will die happy," were his last words to the chaplain.

HUMILIATION

One day Francis Arago, the French scientist, was walking with his friend, the Abbot Moigno.

"To believe would be a great humiliation for me," he said. "For how could I believe without acknowledging that there are truths which I do not understand, which surpass my reason?"

"Well, my friend," answered the priest, "you have demonstrated the wonderful qualities of the eye, and shown how it is superior to all instruments created by human genius. But why then do you believe in using such instruments as the telescope and microscope? Why not throw these away, if the eye is so perfect?"

"But that would be foolish," replied Arago, "for these instruments aid our vision."

"Well then," concluded the Abbot, "is not faith in reality nothing more than a telescope — not made to aid the material eye, but to help our intelligence? Would it not be foolish to throw it away?"

Pointed Paragraphs

THE HALLOWED DAYS

Memorable days have each a spirit peculiarly their own. Depending on the events they recall, they awaken certain emotions in the soul; and though these may become mixed and varied, they usually center around one that is the key and core of all.

So the great days of Holy Week have characters all their own. There is nothing in our souls that is left untouched by those rapidly succeeding days, as the last events of the Saviour's life draw us to Him with every power that we own.

Holy Thursday is pre-eminently the Day of Love. For all its other stirring events, presaging the Passion of the Saviour, it is dedicated irrevocably to the memory of the Supper Room, to the influence of the Saviour's discourse there, whose theme is His own love for us and the way of ours in return; to the love that found expression in the all-powerful words "This is My Body; this is My Blood,"—which have not ceased to bring God to man during all the centuries that have elapsed and will not cease to do so until the sun fails and the stars fall and the light of life passes out of this created world.

Good Friday is pre-eminently the day of Repentant Sorrow. It is dedicated to sorrow like that of the child who sees its mother in pain and immediately grieves over every small or great action by which it has ever brought pain to her. It is a day when one hears, through every other prayer of the Church, and in every word of instruction given, and in every mute lesson preached from the cross, the words that can find no answer but in tears: "O my people, what have I done to you?" Repentance then unites with fear, lest we shall not learn all that is being taught us about our sins from the cross of the Saviour.

Holy Saturday may be called the Day of Hope. Hope is built on the knowledge that the obstacles to joy have been removed; it consists in waiting expectantly for the good things to come. On Holy Saturday we are filled with the thought that the burden of sin has been lifted from the heart of mankind by the Saviour's death; and upon us there is poised a calm sense of expectancy, that now wondrous things are in store for all.

Easter Sunday is always the Day of Joy. On that day joy leaves room for nothing else within the soul. It lifts one up, even as His own power raised the Saviour, to visions of life and happiness and immortality that are all the more rapturous for the depths of misery that had gone before.

Joy comes last — only after the fond love and repentant sorrow and waiting hope. See that it is not missed because its way has not been prepared!

THE LARGE FAMILY

Many, many people should have the opportunity of reading an article in a recent issue of *Scribner's* entitled "A Large Family is Fun." It not only proves the categorical statement of the title, but points out some of the "sane" principles of family life which can add more and more "fun" to that which is the natural outgrowth of largeness in families.

Significantly enough, the article appears in the department entitled "Straws in the Wind." Perhaps this outspoken and joyous account is indeed a straw in the wind, showing a trend of reaction against all that modern ballyhoo of so-called eugenics about the advantages of small families and the necessary relation between the fewness and selectness of children. Perhaps it will find an echo in the hearts of many who have been taken in by the delusion of the contraceptionists, and the sniping of "limited family" mothers who are so ready to cry "horrors!" (and far worse things) at normal mothers, the hem of whose garments they are not worthy to kiss.

We are not going to repeat the now hackneyed argument that records how many men and women of genius have come from large families. Apart from that, experience plentifully proves that a large family is "fun" — besides being a training school, a workshop, a character-builder, — in a word, a preparation for life at its best, that no millionaire mansion with six servants and fourteen tutors could ever be.

And somehow or other, most of the large families that we know simply blast the so-called economic argument for the limitation of offspring. In the family written about by one of its members in *Scribner's*, there were eleven children; the father died prematurely, and the mother had to go out and work; but the family went on as smoothly as before.

True, there may be times of economic stress and strain; but these usually iron themselves out eventually in the large family over which

God presides; while in the smaller one from which He has been driven by plan and design, we note that there is always something or other seriously wrong.

THE REBEL

Recently, writes the editor of the *Denver Register*, he received a letter from an apostate Catholic which read as follows:

"I go to any movie I want, and enjoy reading all the books placed on the Index of the Church. Marriage is a contract between a man and a woman; birth control is their own affair . . . I am leaving the Catholic religion, not as a friend."

It is always with sadness that one reads of the loss of faith of a soul once illuminated by the light and grace of God. It is usually, we know, traceable to some moral weakness, to some deliberate and repeated choice of evil that the light is withdrawn . . . And what a shabby sight they offer when they write proudly to some official of the Church announcing their departure . . . The Church does not hold them or need them or force them to stay . . . She will go on without them "to the end of the world." Theirs is the privilege and hers the burden when they are loyal; theirs is the everlasting loss and hers the sorrow of a mother when they leave.

In one way, however, the letter quoted is deserving of more praise than that which might be written by many another. There are apostates within the fold; gathering others around them in their infidelity as spoiled fruit spoils the good it touches. Such as these, and probably they are not a few, would write as follows:

"I go to any movie I please and I enjoy reading all the books placed on the Index of the Church. Marriage is a Sacrament; the laws of the Church governing it were made by God — but birth control is my own affair. I am staying in the Catholic religion, not as a friend, but as an enemy, drawing others down with me into the pit."

THE FAMILY MASS

Reports from England tell of a crusade being carried on among Catholic families there in which each family promises that never a week will pass in which it will not be represented at the Holy Sacrifice on a day when Mass is not of obligation. The spirit of the movement demands that it be not left to one pious member of the family to fulfill the promise each week, but that father, mother, children, all take turns

in attending an extra Mass in a week as a representative of the family.

The Crusade has ecclesiastical approval and is said to be spreading rapidly. It has already aroused some interest in parts of America.

It may seem at first glance that the new crusade sets up a rather low ideal when it provides for the hearing of only one extra Mass a week per family. But when one travels about and sees how small is the daily attendance at Mass in comparison with the number of Catholics, how many Catholics never seem to get the thought of attending Mass on a week day, except, perhaps, for a wedding or a funeral, it becomes clear that any movement in this matter should begin by asking the minimum of its members. It is quite certain, moreover, that few who pledge themselves to this minimum will long be content to stop there; converts to frequent and daily attendance at Mass will grow out of the ranks.

The appealing feature of the movement is that it combines the central act of Catholic devotion and worship with family spirit in a beautiful way. Family unity has been broken into by so many disrupting influences in our modern world that this has become a major problem. The automobile, amusements outside the home, labor-saving devices within the home, working mothers and absentee fathers, — these and many other things have all but destroyed that family spirit which is so essential to happiness in homes.

Nothing better could be done to make a beginning of restoring this spirit of oneness in homes, than by centering it in some great religious practice like the Mass. Each one who attends in his turn, will feel the whole family present in him; will convey to the foot of the cross the problems and petitions, the sorrows and joys of all; and will feel as he returns to his home that he is bound to the others there by a new and sacred bond in God.

Even where the movement is not organized, individual families can decide together to carry out its provisions. It will mean a real advance in happiness and blessings.

IN DEFENSE OF REASON

There is an old story of a Frenchman who had lost his Catholic faith, and was asked by an evangelistic woman:

"Which of the sects have you joined?"

"Madame," came the reply, "I confess that I have lost my faith; but I have not yet lost my reason."

✱-----LIGUORIANA-----✱

EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

THE HOME OF OUR RESURRECTION

Oh, happy are we if we suffer with patience on earth the troubles of this present life!

From
"Preparation
for Death"

Distress of circumstances, fears, bodily infirmities, persecutions, crosses of every kind, will one day all come to an end; and if we be saved, they will all become for us subjects of joy and glory in paradise; "your sorrow," says the Savior to encourage us, "shall be turned into joy." So great are the delights of paradise that they can neither be explained nor understood by us mortals:

"Eye hath not seen," says the Apostle, "nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, what things God hath prepared for those who love him." Beauties like the beauties of paradise, eye has never seen; harmonies like unto the harmonies of paradise, ear has never heard; nor has ever human heart gained the comprehension of the joys which God has prepared for those that love Him. Beautiful is the sight of a landscape adorned with hills, plains, woods, and views of the sea. Beautiful is the sight of a garden abounding with fruit, flowers, and fountains. Oh, how much more beautiful is paradise!

"There is everything that thou wouldst." In paradise thou shalt have whatsoever thou desirest. There the sight is satisfied in beholding that city so beautiful, and its citizens all clothed in royal apparel, for they are all kings of that everlasting kingdom. There shall

we see the beauty of Mary, whose appearance will be more beautiful than that of all the angels and saints together. We shall see the beauty of Jesus, which will immeasurably surpass the beauty of Mary. The smell will be satisfied with the perfumes of paradise. The hearing will be satisfied with the harmonies of heaven and the canticles of the blessed, who will all with ravishing sweetness sing the divine praises for all eternity.

St. Bernard says that paradise is a place where "there is nothing thou wouldst not, and everything that thou wouldst." There shalt thou not find anything displeasing to thyself, and everything thou dost desire thou shalt find: "There is nothing that thou wouldst not." In paradise there is no night; no seasons of winter and summer; but one perpetual day of unvaried serenity, and one perpetual spring of unvaried delight. No more persecutions, no more jealousies are there; for there do all in sincerity love one another, and each rejoices in the other's good, as if it were his own. No more bodily infirmities, no pains are there, for there the body is no longer subject to suffering; no poverty is there, for everyone is rich to the full, not having anything more to desire; no more fears are there, for the soul being confirmed in grace can sin no more, nor lose that supreme good which it possesses. It would be foolish in a traveller to spend all his patrimony in purchasing a villa or a house in a country through which he merely passes, and which he must leave in a few days.

Book Reviews

MORALITY

Foundations of Morality: God; Man; Lower Creatures. By the Rev. Ludwig Ruland, D.D. Adapted into English by the Rev. T. A. Battles, O.S.A., Edited by the Rev. Newton Thompson, S.T.D. Published by B. Herder, St. Louis. 386 pages. Price, net \$3.00.

Here is a book that challenges the attention of priests. It is the second volume of Ruland's Pastoral Theology. "In the words of the author," we read in the translator's foreword, "the work is intended as a help for priests to find their way from the knowledge of theoretic principles to the concrete realities of life. This is more than the imparting of a few practical directions and counsels." This purpose accounts for the variety of subjects treated in this Pastoral Theology. A glance at the "Contents" will make one ask, isn't this rather Moral Theology? The Moral Personality, The Objective Norm of Morality, The Subjective Norm of Morality, Duty, Sin, Restoration of the Moral Order, The Theological Virtues, Religion as a Moral Virtue, Prayer, Extraordinary Acts of Religion (Vows and Oaths), Sins Against Religion, Commandments of the Church, Duties Towards Self, Care of Health, Personality, Man and the Lower Creatures. These are the topics treated. No doubt, they are also treated in Moral Theology.

But there is no doubt that all these may be treated with advantage precisely from the standpoint of the priest laboring actively for the benefit of the people. This purpose enables the author to give much valuable information and many practical hints. It enables him to correlate things scattered through various branches of theology. And while the book therefore would hardly do as a Seminary text for Pastoral Theology, it would do very well as a Theology for Pastors of souls. And as such it is excellent for many reasons. It would be a pleasure to mention some points of special interest — points more or less controversial.

Books reviewed here may be ordered through The Liguorian. These comments represent the honest opinions of the reviewers, with neither criticism nor deserving praise withheld.

The author is always interesting and stimulating even if not always satisfying. But space forbids us to go into these points. Many of them are treated more fully in our Moral Theologies. As

in the first volume, there are opinions that are not acceptable. — A. T. Z.

NATURE

God's Amazing World. By Dr. Tihamer Toth. Translated by Stephen Chapkovich. Published by Kenedy, New York. 184 pages. Price, \$2.00.

In these days of pontificating pseudoscience, which seems blind to the simplest conclusions that real science forces upon the human mind, and is at the same time unwilling to admit any intelligence in the universe greater than its own, this book is both a glorious treat and an oasis of sanity in the bleak and sterile desert. The author is a professor in the University of Budapest. He places a group of boys on a camping tour with their instructor; and in the adventurous spirit of a Robinson Crusoe leads them through observation, experiment and experience, to view the marvels of creation revealed about them and to see the Infinite Mind at work behind it all. The book is crammed with fascinating information about the natural world: sun and stars, beetles and butterflies, amoebae and mice, wheel animals and human bodies — these and many other marvelous things are explored and described in simple intelligible language that echoes always the Psalmist's refrain "Only the fool hath said in his heart 'there is no God.'" We can imagine children devouring the book for its nature stories; and the adult minds being refreshed upon firmer faith, if not a certain kind of vision of God, by its pages. The work is highly recommended. — D. F. M.

FICTION

Break Thou My Heart. By Vera Marie Tracy. Published by Bruce, Milwaukee. 317 pages. Price, \$1.75.

The individuality of Miss Tracy cannot be denied. She writes stories that are steeped in the supernatural, but are

as far removed from the cloying pietism of much Catholic hack-writing as literature is from journalism. Her outlook is that of the romantic, it is true, but it is kin to the royal romanticism that led the Saviour to see in lilies and sparrows and harvests and fig-trees and all manner of simple parables lessons that might lead men to the Kingdom of God. This book contains an even dozen unrelated short stories, about little girls and grown men and women, some good and some bad, but all human and therefore within reach of God and His love. The stories are cut to no single pattern, and the reader finds himself weaving in and out among realities of earth and those of heaven almost without noticing it. The kind of book to soothe an invalid (as the invalid author must have known) and to inspire the man or woman of affairs to see much more of beauty and meaning than appear on the surface of the workaday world and its people.—*D. F. M.*

Nice Going, Red: The Story of a Boy Who "Couldn't Take It." By the Rev. Raymond J. O'Brien. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York. 281 pages. Price, net \$1.25.

This is the story of a boy who got into the fringes of "gangdom." It is a red-blooded story about red-blooded boys and no mistake about it. It opens with a fight; fighting figures in many of the chapters. This might not seem so acceptable to all readers—or maybe I should say all critics.

But the story certainly carries a lesson. Not that I want to stress that above all—since a story should by all means interest and thrill; for if it did not do that, it might be a good lesson, but not a good story.

Nice Going, Red—is a story that, I have no doubt, will appeal to every boy. And one of the main reasons is that I am sure every boy who gets to know "Red" will want to see what becomes of him. And in this lies the real story. There is plenty of action and excitement and even a bit of mystery in it.—*A. T. Z.*

DEVOTION

Self-Conquest. A Thought for Each Day of the Year on the Way of Perfection. By Rev. F. X. Lasance. Published by Benziger, New York. 270 pages. Price, \$1.00.

The key to sanctity, according to the

Ignatian method, is the conquest of self, and in every school or system of attaining perfection, it plays an indispensable role. Father Lasance, outstanding gatherer of the best things in the world's heritage of spiritual writing, has gathered together in this manual a treasury of thoughts on self-conquest from all over the world of sainthood and presented them as food for meditation and prayer for each day of the year. Few of the great masters of the spiritual life are not represented, Holy Scripture is abundantly quoted, and the compiler himself often adds thoughts of rare penetration and power. A few words on the practice of meditation preface the manual, and this great form of prayer will be easy for those who quietly read the material presented. The book is bound in a soft leather cover and printed on good paper stock, so that it will be a handsome volume to possess and a lasting one even with constant use.—*D. F. M.*

The Hour of Prime. The Office of Prime for Every Day of the Week from the Roman Breviary, for the Use of the Laity. Edited by the Benedictine Monks of St. John's Abbey. Published by the Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minnesota. 114 pages. Price, 15 cents per copy; discount in lots.

The Office of Prime is the official morning prayer of the Church. There is no reason why it should not be placed within reach of the laity, who in recent years have in large numbers been inspired to stronger and more joyous faith by participation in the liturgical prayers of the Mass. The beauty of the hymn of Prime is almost enough of itself to attract and hold one to the use of this form of morning prayer, with its opening lines:

The star of morn to night succeeds,
We therefore meekly pray,
May God, in all our words and deeds,
Keep us from harm this day.

Throughout, however, it is filled with exquisite expressions of the Christian's dependence on God and his longing to preserve an intimate union with Him, with pleading prayers for the help of God in every necessity. The Benedictines of Collegeville have rendered a real service to the faithful by this work, one that will add new joy to the practice of prayer and strength to the soul.—*D. F. M.*



Catholic Events



Persons:

The *National Catholic Educational Association* will hold its 33rd annual convention in New York City, April 14th to 16th. All meetings, except those of the parish school department and the closing general meeting will be held at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. The convention will open with Pontifical High Mass in St. Patrick's Cathedral on April 14th, celebrated by Archbishop John G. Murray of St. Paul. Cardinal Hayes will preside at the banquet for clergy and laity in the grand ball room of the Waldorf-Astoria on Tuesday evening.

Lo Pa Hong, eminent industrialist, philanthropist and leader of Catholic Action in Shanghai, has been made a Secret Chamberlain of the Cap and Sword by Pope Pius XI in recognition of his great works of charity. He has created in Shanghai alone sixteen charitable institutions which he supports with donations of \$200,000.00 annually.

Father Michael Augustine Pro, thirty-six year old priest, executed by a firing squad in Mexico in 1927, has been mentioned by Bishop Anthony J. Schuler, S.J., of El Paso, Texas, as a probable candidate for the process of beatification and canonization in the near future. The first official steps towards this were taken four years ago upon report of many favors granted through his intercession.

St. Mary's Academy, Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, has instituted the St. Mary's League of Prayer for Peace in Mexico, Russia, Germany, Italy and Ethiopia, with the approval of the Most Rev. Alexander J. McGavick, D.D., Bishop of La Crosse. The members take up the task of studying one of the countries and saying a daily prayer to the Guardian Angel of the ruler of that nation to inspire him with desire for peace.

The *Sisters of St. Joseph* of Carondelet commemorated the hundredth anniversary of their entrance into the United States on March 6th,—the date on which six Sisters, sent by Mother St. John Fontbonne, arrived from France in 1836. The centennial will be celebrated in St. Louis, the headquarters of the Sisterhood in the United States, in April.

The *Rev. Dr. Herbert Vaughan*, the last of the famous Vaughans who entered the priesthood in England, died on Feb. 17. He had three uncles and one brother who were archbishops or bishops, and three other brothers who were priests. Of the women members of the family many became religious. He was the head of the Catholic Missionary Society, co-founder and editor of the *Catholic Gazette*, and originator of auto chapels in England. His uncles were: Cardinal Herbert Vaughan, Archbishop of Westminster; Archbishop Roger Vaughan of Sidney, Australia; and Bishop John S. Vaughan, Auxiliary of Salford. His brothers were: Bishop Francis Vaughan of Menevia, Wales; Father Bernard Vaughan, celebrated Jesuit preacher; and the Reverend Fathers Jerome and Kenelm Vaughan.

The *Rev. Albert J. Dederer*, pastor of Our Lady of the Holy Mount (Bohemian) Church, Chicago, believes that he has solved the mixed marriage problem in his parish largely through a Lenten program for youth. The program, he reports, has brought into the Church between 500 and 600 converts during the twelve years it has been in operation. According to the plan, a special chapel accommodating 600,

has been set aside for youth; older parishioners have their services in the main church and Bohemian is spoken. On Wednesday evenings in Lent he holds a special service for youth. After Easter the non-Catholics who have been attracted are grouped into a convert class.

Mr. *Shih Kuo-chu*, special commissioner of Inspection and Pacification Commissioner of the 10th Provincial area of Anhwei and Chief Magistrate of the Siuning District in China, has become a Catholic, according to Lumen Service. He was baptized by the Rev. Joseph Fogued, S.J., and made his first Holy Communion the following day. He was formerly a professor and mandarin of various districts and commands universal respect.

Therese Neumann, the stigmatized peasant girl of Konnersreuth, according to recent reports, still receives occasional visitors with the permission of the Bishop of Regensburg. She still goes without food or drink whatsoever, and her mystical sufferings with Christ continue, being particularly impressive on Fridays.

Don Angel Herrera, founder of El Debate and president of Spanish Catholic Action, is to enter the priesthood. He, together with some young professors at the Center of University Studies, will become priests with the intention of devoting themselves in a more specific manner to the training of priest-counsellors for Catholic Action. Senor Herrera is 48 years old and for a quarter of a century has edited El Debate.

Places:

In *Detroit, Michigan*, a Catholic Press Exhibit has been held in the Book Tower, sponsored by the Van Antwerp Library, under the name of "The Church on Parade." The Exhibit publicized more than 30 cultural, sociological, educational, scientific, dramatic and artistic phases of the Church's activities. Lectures, dramatic sketches and concerts were given. Mayor Frank Couzens of Detroit, Miss Gertrude Coogan of Chicago, Miss Dorothy Williams of St. Louis, the Rev. Francis P. LeBuffe, S.J., were speakers. The display occupied 14,000 feet of space.

In *Holland, at Antwerp*, the Catholic Employers' League has just observed the 10th anniversary of its establishment. Advocated by Father Rutten, founder of the Christian organization for workers, the League was designed to serve employers in the same way as the groups for workers were designed to combat the danger of socialism among their ranks. Today approximately 2,000 business establishments are associated with the League. The League deals with all social and economic questions. Every year 15,000,000 francs are paid to 17,000 workmen entitled to a bonus because of large families.

In *Mexico*, crowds of people from all over the diocese of Guadalajara and representatives of every diocese in the Republic, attended the funeral of Most Rev. Francisco Orozco y Jimenez, so much so that the Cathedral of Guadalajara proved too small to hold the crowd.

The recent elections in *Spain* resulted in victory for no party. The Catholic Party was not beaten because it increased from 114 to 115 representatives; the Radical Party was really defeated because they were reduced from 72 to 10 representatives; the Leftist increase was due to unexpected alliances of subversive and discontented elements. Thus Osservatore Romano analyzes the case.

France, as is revealed by the new census occasioned by the International Exposition of the Catholic Press to be held at the Vatican this summer, now has 54 Catholic daily, and 200 weekly papers.

Lucid Intervals

Pat and Mike were crossing a field when a bull came charging down upon them. Mike shinned up the only tree in sight and Pat jumped in a hole nearby. The bull jumped over the hole and Pat jumped out. The bull turned, saw him, charged. Pat jumped in and the bull jumped over the hole again. This continued until finally the furious Mike bawled down at Pat as he jumped out, "You fool! Stay in the hole or we'll never get home!"

Pat jumped in as the bull charged and when he jumped out again he yelled frantically to Mike, "You're a fool yourself! There's a bear in this hole."

*

Reverend MacKay was occupying his first pulpit, and was anxious to know whether he was being appreciated. One day he asked a young member of the congregation how she liked the sermons.

"Splendidly!" she replied "Honest, I never knew how many things were sins until you came here."

*

"Doctor, what can you say to a girl who jumps into the nearest man's arms every time she's frightened?"

"Boo!"

*

Electrician: "Bill, catch hold of those wires."

Bill: "All right."

Electrician: "Did you feel anything?"

Bill: "No."

Electrician: "All right, don't catch hold of the other two—there are five thousand volts in them."

*

"Reginald, what is the Latin word for wine?"

"Vinum."

"Very good. Decline it."

"Sir, I've never declined wine in my life."

*

Angry Father (at 5 a.m.): "Well young lady, explain yourself. Where have you been all night?"

Daughter: "Oh, daddy, dear, I was sitting up with the sick son of the sick man you are always telling mother you sit up with."

Most of the Jones's Sunday motor trip had been marred by a violent quarrel. On their homeward journey they passed a pasture field just as a donkey brayed long and loud.

"Is that a relative of yours?" he asked spitefully.

"Only by marriage, dear," she replied sweetly.

*

"How come you don't go with Toots any more?"

"Oh! I couldn't stand her vulgar laughter."

"I never noticed it."

"You weren't there when I proposed."

*

Dentist: "Now, open the mouth wide. I won't hurt you at all."

Patient (after tooth is out): "Great suffering Beelzebub! Now I know what business Ananias was in. He was a dentist."

*

Ann: "They say that there's a man on the label of the Camel Cigarette package. I can't see him. Can you?"

Jane: "Stupid.—He's behind the pyramid taking the sand out of his shoes."

*

Barber: "Was your tie red when you came in here?"

Sucker: "No, it wasn't!"

Barber: "Gosh, I must have cut your throat."

*

Referee (after pronouncing fight a draw): "I'd like my daughter to meet you two boys some evening."

First Pug: "Oh, is she interested in boxing?"

Referee: "No, she's interested in dancing."

*

"This seal coat is very fine, but will it stand rain?"

"Listen, lady. Did you ever see a seal carry an umbrella?"

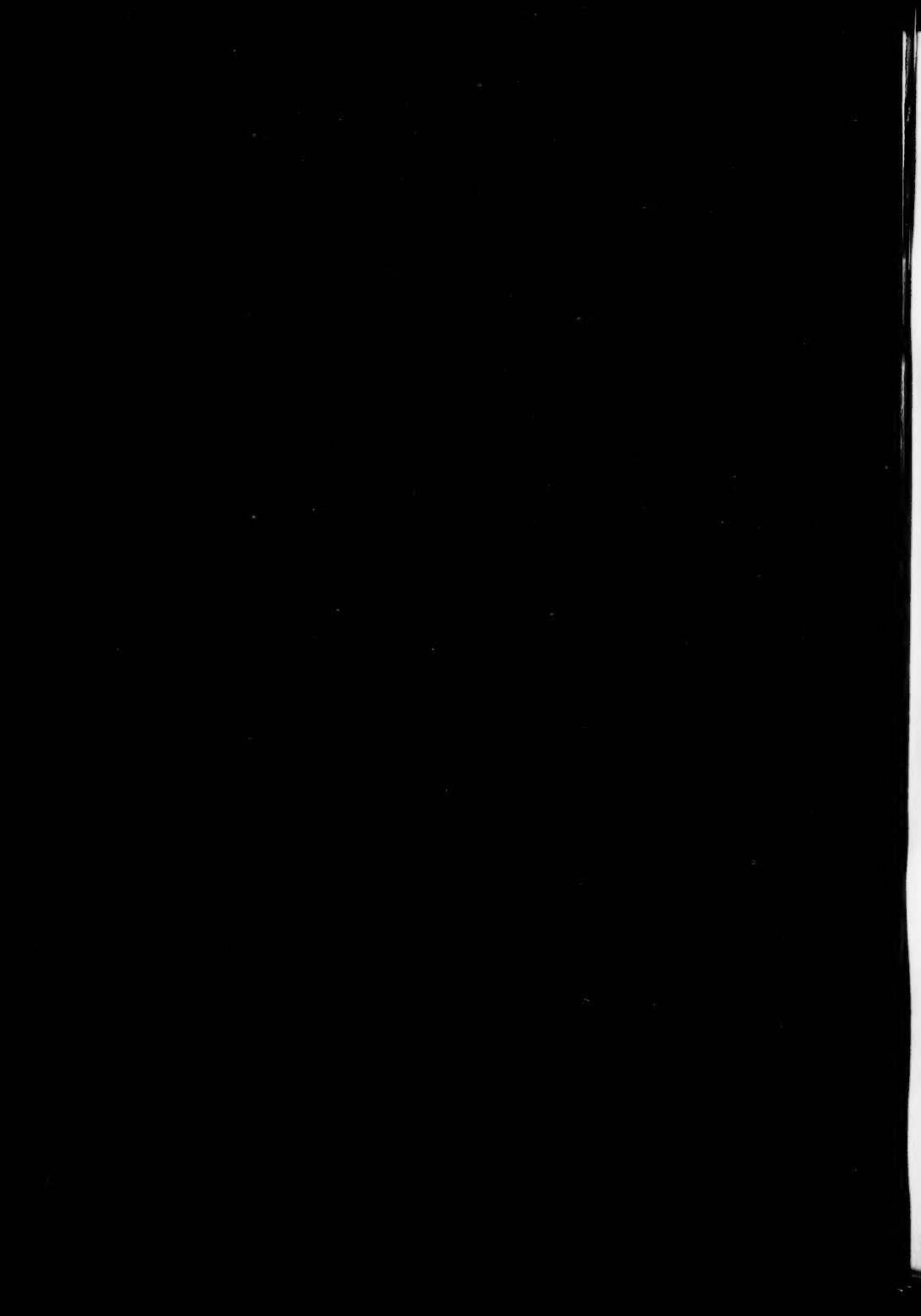
*

Traveler: "Your son just threw a stone at me."

Irishman: "Did he hit you?"

Traveler: "No."

Irishman: "Then he wasn't my son."



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* * *

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Motion Picture Guide

THE PLEDGE: *I condemn indecent and immoral motion pictures, and those which glorify crime or criminals. I promise to do all that I can to strengthen public opinion and to unite with all who protest against them. I acknowledge my obligation to form a right conscience about pictures that are dangerous to my moral life. As a member of the Legion of Decency, I pledge myself to remain away from them. I promise, further, to stay away altogether from places of amusement which show them as a matter of policy.*

The following films have been rated as unobjectionable by the board of reviewers:

A Thousand a Minute	Harmony Lane	Personal Maid's Secret
Annette im Paradies	Here Comes Trouble	The Previews Murder Case
Annie Oakley	Her Master's Voice	The Prisoner of Shark Island
Atlantic Adventurer	Heroes of the Range	Professional Soldier
Bad Boy	His Night Out	Racing Luck
Beauty's Daughter	Hitch Hike Lady	Rescue Squad
Between Men	House of a Thousand Candles	The Red River Valley
Bohemian Girl	I Dream Too Much	The Return of Jimmy Valentine
The Border Cabellera	I Live for Love	Rhodes, Empire Builder
Boulder Dam	I'll Love You Always	Robin Hood of El Dorado
Burning Gold	In Person	Rogue's Tavern
The Calling of Dan Matthews	It's a Great Life	Rose Marie
The Call of the Prairie	Ivory Handled Guns	Rose of the Rancho
Captain Blood	The Kid Ranger	Sans Famille
Captain January	King of Pecos	Seven Keys to Baldpate
The Case of Missing Man	The Lady in Scarlet	She Couldn't Take It
Cattle Thief	Last of the Clintons	Silly Billies
Charlie Chan in the Circus	Laughing Irish Eyes	The Singing Vagabond
Chatterbox	The Lawless Nineties	Skull and Crown
Cheers of the Crowd	Lawless Riders	So Red the Rose
Collegiate	The Leathernecks Are Landing	The Spanish Cape Mystery
Crime Patrol	The Life of Louis Pasteur	Steamboat Round the Bend
Danger Ahead	Little America	Stormy
Danger Trail	The Littlest Rebel	Storm Over the Andes
Das Schloss im Sueden	Little Lord Fauntleroy	Tale of Two Cities
Der Adjutant seiner Hohheit	The Little Red School House	Taming the Wild
Der Himmel Auf Erden	Live Wire	Tempo Massimo (Italian)
Der Vetter Aus Dingada	The Lone Wolf Returns	Three Kids and a Queen
Desert Gold	Love Me Forever	Three Live Ghosts
Don't Gamble With Love	Love On a Bet	Three Musketeers
Don't Get Personal	Lucky Terror	The Throwback
Drel Kaiserjager	The Man on the Flying Trapeze	Three Godfathers
Drift Fence	Man of Steel	Timothy's Quest
East of Java	Mairia Chapdelaine	To Beat the Band
Everybody's Old Man	Men of the Hour	Too Many Parents
Every Saturday Night	Midsummer Night's Dream	Tough Guy
"F" Men	The Milky Way	Trail of Terror
The Face in the Fog	Miss Pacific Fleet	Trail of the Lonesome Pine
Fang and Claw	Mister Hobo	Two for Tonight
Farmer in the Dell	Modern Times	Two in the Dark
Fast Bullets	Murder on the Bridle Path	Two in Revolt
Fighting Youth	Music Goes Round and Round	The Unknown Woman
Follow the Fleet	Music is Magic	The Voice of Bugle Ann
Forced Landing	Mutiny on the Bounty	Warfare
For the Service	Mysterious Avenger	Western Courage
Freshman Love	The Mystery of Notre Dame	Whispering Smith Speaks
"F. P. I. antwortet nicht"	My Marriage	Wild Cat Saunders
Gallant Defender	Nevada	Wings Over Ethiopia
The Garden Murder Case	The Night is Young	Woman Trap
Gentle Julia	The Officers' Mess	You May Be Next
The Ghost Goes West	Old Man Rhythm	Young Love (Czech)
Give Us This Night	Once in a Blue Moon	Your Uncle Dudley
The Great Impersonation	Outlaw Tamer	Yellow Dust
Hair-Trigger Casey	Pasteur (French Version)	Zlata Katrina